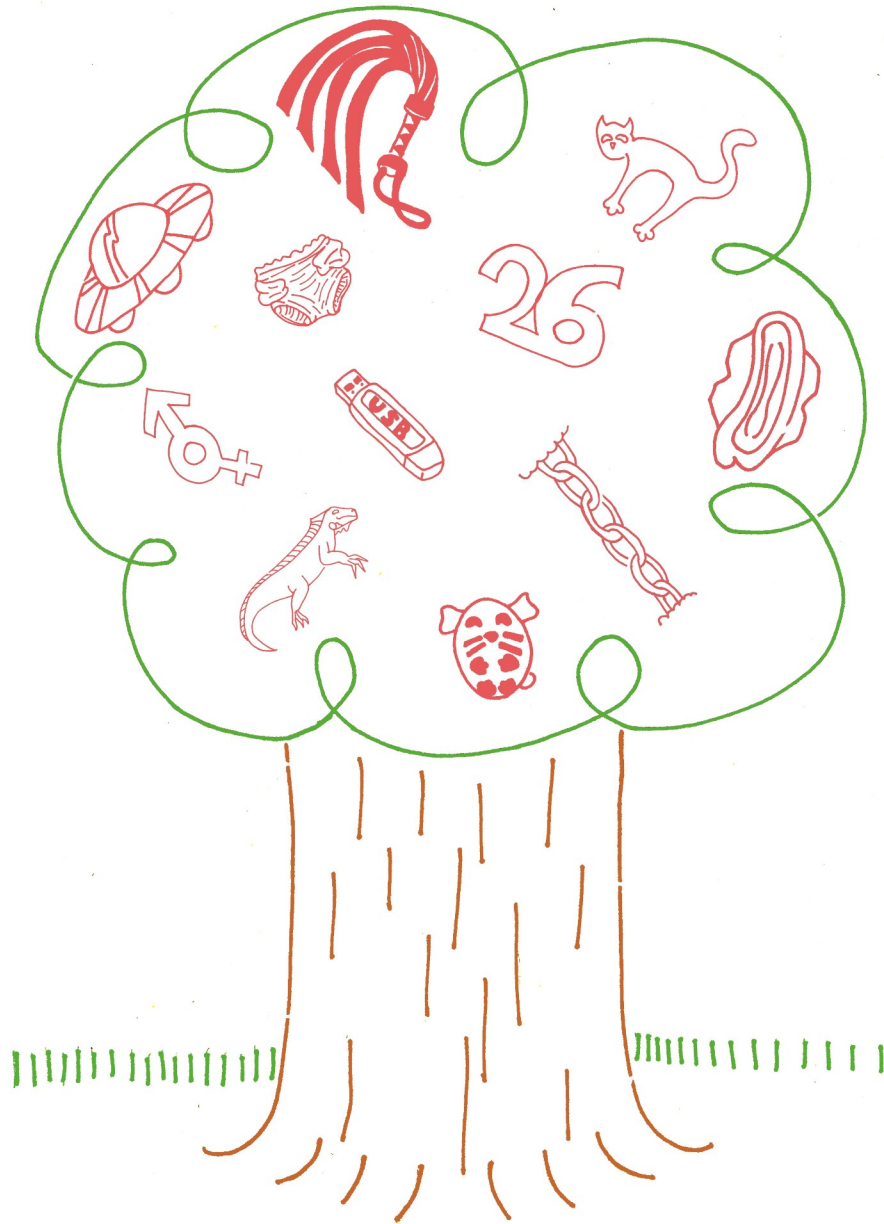


The Weirdos and Normals I Loved

- About my Strange Journey through Love -



By Sarah Ali
Wednesday 11 May 2022 - Wednesday 27 June 2022

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Approximately 53,588 words or 279,040 characters

0./42 Intro

- Warning: Discussion of sex and reference to rape. This text is not for people under the age of 16.-

First I wish to say say: rape is never good. Always ask permission if you want to talk, cuddle or have sex.

Unfortunately in this time and world this is seen as "weird", while you should be able to "deduce" something as important as consent from something as vague as body language. So, in my opinion, this is complete nonsense from which many misunderstandings arise. We need to move towards a world where it's normal to discuss things, where it's normal to ask permission. Above all, we must move to a world in which people dare to say 'No' and where that 'No' is respected. See a psychologist or therapy if you have bad thoughts. Seek psychological help before you hurt someone.

I know its weird to write this text. Nowadays, writing texts like these are seen as pathetic and incel.

While this was considered deep and romantic in the 90's and 2000's. I think it's important to leave experiences behind so people can learn from them. Not only that, I get the feeling that these memories are slowly slipping away from my memory, because time does that, even though I'm only 28 and not a demented 82-year-old at all.

In this text everyone's names have been changed, even places and names of companies have been changed to preserve the anonymity of others, and partly myself.

I am a trans woman, so I was born as a male in 199X. I started living as a woman around 2021. In the past I often felt lonely, but now that I look back on it I notice I may have more experience than most people today, because we are now dealing with the incel phenomenon, and many people feel lonely. Through the media you get the feeling that high school and college are an orgy, but that's not true. The media portray schools that way because sex sells. The newspapers in the 2000's were full of articles by overprotective elderly women "Oh no children are having sex at 12 and doing dirty dances!" while on the other side you had romantic and comedy movies with teenagers, or adult college students falling in love and having loads of sex. "Watch this comedy! People are having sex in this movie!" I've read that the 2000's was obsessed with sex, using terms like "hypersexualization". Anyway, I felt, especially in high school, that I was lonely because I didn't have a relation, because I didn't have sex. From the age of 13 I pretended to be against porn, especially around the age of 14, because all my peers were watching porn and chatting about it all the time, and I thought that was sleazy, but actually I was watching it myself. I pretended I couldn't stand porn and nude scenes but actually I was lonely and wanted a girlfriend and sex because in the media it seemed like 12 year olds were already having sex! I didn't want to get behind and gain experience, I wanted to know what it was like. I felt alone, but everyone felt alone in their teens, adolescents and as adults even. Many men run desperately after women. Because many people don't know that they can be happy alone.

Anyway, I'm getting ahead of things. Let's go back in time, back to elementary school.

I wonder though. Did these events shape me and my sexuality? Or am I who I am, and am I just picking out the memories to explain who I am now?

1./42 Inna

My first girlfriend was when I was a toddler in preschool. Yes, I'm going back that far folks. This was nothing. If you think about it, this was just another word for "best friend". We played together, and I even visited her. One day she said her boyfriend was now Chris and I said "OK". And that was that.

I was also in love with Shari, I had even made drawings, but she was never my girlfriend. Now it turns out that she is a teacher. And I sit here as a volunteer, artist and writer writing like a loner about her and other past loves. LOL

2./42 The Incident

Warning: possible discussion of sex, not suitable for people under 16

I also want to say that I was a weird kid. They knew I had Tourette's but not that I had autism.

We were about 6 or 9 years old. Two other guys and I had discovered the "humour" of shit, piss and sex. So we were making dirty jokes all the time. One boy, Aiden, just seemed kind of obsessed. One day he took me to the toilet. This is when the incident happened.... He took my pants off and we had sex. Without ejaculating, because children can't do that yet.

We sucked each others penises,
he took me from behind and then I took him from behind. Afterwards I regretted because sex was for adults and not for children.
Did I lose my virginity at age 6 or 9? Was this bad? I was sad about this for a long time. I don't know if this is a trauma. I know I told my parents about it and they didn't believe me, but they always loved me.
Now that I think back on this I guess that Aiden might have been abused by an adult and carried his trauma out on others like me.
Mom told me she didn't believe me at first, but then Aiden convinced a girl in my class to show her butt, making the girl feel bad afterwards. So my mom realized then I was speaking the truth. Strangely enough, I was good friends with Aiden after this, but it was precisely because of being so close to each other there were a lot of arguments and fights between us.
Now I don't feel bad thinking about the incident. It doesn't matter if this counts as first time sex or not, it doesn't matter whether people ever had sex or not, everyone is different and everyone is allowed to be here.

3./42 Camp with girls

This is another memory I have, and it's so vague I don't even know if it's a fantasy or not. But I was between five and nine years old, girls had captured me as a game (they just held my two hands, not bad or forced at all) and took me to their camp of girls.
It was a group of six girls. They just stood there in the "bushes". Our school was surrounded by trees, what you could call "bushes", but you could always see what was happening in the bushes. For some reason I liked being caught by some girls, I liked it very much.

4/42 Paulina

My second sweetheart, or first platonic girlfriend with warm feelings was Paulina. She had a round head, and medium length red hair (short until the ears). She was good at gymnastics. I asked if she wanted to be my girlfriend and she said yes.
Aiden and the other boys "encouraged me". They said things like, "Ooh, I dare you stroke her head!" and "Oooh, I dare you to kiss her on the mouth!" and I did all that. In hindsight, I suspect she didn't like this because she broke up after this.

5./42 The Big Jump

Warning: This text discusses suicide, questioning reality, monsters and existential fear
I notice that I have written a lot, if you look at the text in its entirety, with what comes after this chapter, a lot has been written.
As a result, my text has actually become a biography, or at least something like it. So I thought I'd add a few important moments of my life to this. I may have already told you this, but I was a problem child, an enfant terrible. My parents loved me and supported me. But the world, school, it was too busy, too much and sometimes too boring. I often didn't feel well. I was 10 years old and in fourth grade. (Belgian system). Mum and mooka (I have two mums) did what they could, they gave me all kinds of medication to see what worked and what didn't work. I suffered from angry outbursts, tics and often cried. I even had suicidal tendencies. I also had one dark thought: That the world I lived in wasn't real, that all the grown up people around me were monsters dressed as humans. That they raise me well, and stuff me full of food, and then, one day they would take off their masks and eat me. Death seemed something, unknown, there was something alluring about its obscurity. My parents tried a new medication: Citalopram, an antidepressant, a selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor (SSRI).
This ensures that you get energy, even if you are still mentally ill. This can lead to suicide as you suddenly have the energy to make the decision, possibly if you keep taking the medication these tendencies can go away, at least that's what the doctor said.
I do know that I woke up, and decided to kill myself.
So, I went to school, and it was gymnastics class. There was a staircase there leading to the top of a grandstand, a 2nd floor. I climbed the stairs, and stood there and wanted to jump. The gymnastics teacher was able to persuade me to go back. But after a few minutes I was back there.... And jumped. I landed with both feet on the ground. Then I lay with my back on the floor. I had to hyperventilate. Everyone was around me. And my gymnastics teacher called the emergency. 'Why did you do that?' my teacher asked. I said something like "I think humans are monsters." They took me to the emergency room.
I remember they had to take x-rays and they tried to put me on my feet for that, but they couldn't because I was in too much pain. Now I realize that I caused my parents a lot of grief. I also really scared my classmates, I hope I didn't traumatize them or anything. I'm sorry. I am sorry.

They had to put casts on both of my legs, and I even spent a night or two in the hospital. Once a clini-clown came by, my mother didn't want to have anything to do with her, but I liked it. I then went home, I was in a wheelchair. To urinate I had to urinate in a special bottle. My neurologist said 'Suicide sometimes happens because of that medication.' but he told me to keep taking it. I had energy now, but my mind had yet to heal. So my parents let me take it further. To this day I take this medication. My parents sent me to a psychologist. That's how I got to know my psychologist. Some periods I went to him a lot, other periods less. Whenever you read about the psychologist in this text, that's him. He helped me a lot, my parents and him supported me a lot, they kept me on the right path. I am not normal, but thanks to them I am happy and even productive.

I remember my psychologist saying "Only tranquillity can save you." and I always said that to people when they were too erratic. So, I couldn't go to school for a while, I was taught at home for a while. My classmates were allowed to draw on my plaster casts with markers. In the end I was allowed to get out of the casts. My legs were very thin because they hadn't been used for a while. I had to learn to walk again. Now, I can walk perfectly again, although people say I have a certain way of walking.

6./42 Game gone wrong

Warning: Discussion of Sex and Rape

Then there was a game that got out of hand. On TV, and especially the television series called 'Thuis' (Translated to 'Home') there was a story about a rapist. In that soap, women were raped and everyone wondered who the rapist was. Maybe there was something like that in the series called 'Familie' as well (Translated to 'Family'). I don't remember who came up with the game but a couple of girls and I were playing "rapist". I know, wrong game, but I was about nine or eleven years old. The girls would go up to me and "tease me" and say something like

"rapist, little rapist, get us!" I would run after them and try to get one, then I would hump them. We were still in our clothes, so it was nothing serious. Everyone had a good laugh about it, but there was one girl who joined in, but she didn't like it when I humped her with clothes on. Later, my parents were angry at me. 'What did you do to that girl? She cried in class and then told her what you had done.' I left that one girl alone since then, I wasn't allowed to play the game anymore. But the other girls teased me again and then I did it anyway (not with that one girl who cried). The teacher saw this and was angry with me. Then I didn't do it anymore. I also remember that girl's mother glared at me when our parents picked us up from school.

7/42 The Great Wasp

Warning: discussion of large insects

Another chapter that isn't about my love life.

It was summer and there was a heat wave. I don't really remember if it was the heat wave of 2003 or 2006. In the paper, people and scientists said they had seen large, life-threatening wasps. 'The Killer Wasp'. I was playing at home, when I suddenly saw a large wasp. I went to momma, hysterically, and told her. She swatted a few flies with the regular fly swatter, and said I probably was mistaken. I was reassured and started drawing. I even drew 'the super wasp'. Suddenly I heard a buzz, I looked, and it was the giant wasp! "Momma, momma he's back!" I cried hysterically. This time Mum saw him. She immediately put me outside. She took a colander as a shield, and an electric fly swatter for a weapon. She knocked the six legged monster down, and shocked it well with her swatter, until she was sure the beast was 200% dead. Momma said she solved it, and we looked at the beast together. We put it in a cloth, in a little box, and then in the trash. In hindsight, we should have kept it better, but it is what it is. Plus the thought of opening a jar the beast was in that might still be alive strikes me as a scary, dark thought. Since then I had a phobia of bees and wasps, but thankfully that phobia is now gone. It was a wild story that we told everyone. To this day we are not sure if it was a 'killer wasp'. Maybe it was a tropical dragonfly?

I've done some research, now. I know the beast had a very long 'stinger', which I found very scary. I may have seen some kind of parasitic wasp. However, they are not dangerous to humans. Their long stingers are used to lay eggs in wood or other insects. I read that several parasitic wasps were discovered in Belgium in 2011 and 2012. When I look them up, the beast resembles the *Megarhyssa greenei* and the *Banchinae*. But we are talking about 10 year old memories, so what I remember may be completely wrong. It was unfortunate for the insect that it had to die, but we were not sure if it was dangerous, so mum did what she had to do.

8./42 Crush on Babysitter

I also had a period in primary school when I thought I was gay. I also had a crush on a male babysitter he was 16 or something. He was a tall thin boy, and he played with my brother and I. They are beautiful memories.

9./42 Abigail

Then I was in 5th grade (+-10 yo). A girl from the 2nd grade had fallen in love with me (+-8 yo). On one hand I did notice our age difference, she laughed at jokes that I didn't find funny, but we got on well. We chatted and played together and we became lovers. We kept it a secret. I remember my mum saying 'Second grade? That is very young!'

She had red hair and freckles. I remember when someone encouraged us for a 'kiss on the mouth' and we did it.

We made arrows together (sharpening sticks on stones) but never used them. Abigail also started making a love potion (or something) this potion would make everyone accept us despite our age difference. It sounds like my story is a like a paedophile villain origin story. But I was later diagnosed with autism. People with autism are often behind in their social development. And we were kids, our relationship was consensual and not sexual at all.

Later in the 6th grade they had me tested for autism and I indeed have autism.

10./42 Yasmine

Warning: sexually explicit text

My next relationship was with Yasmine, a curvy blonde. I asked her if she wanted to show her breasts in the toilet, but then we were in the toilet I said "It was just a joke, you don't need to show your boobs."

11./42 Little Paradise in the Netherlands

Warning: sexually explicit text, reference to coercion and abuse

During one summer we went camping in the Netherlands. There was a tall slender boy with medium blond hair. He was 13, 15 years old, and I was 10, 12 years old. I also had a crush on him.

We were walking, and I happened to have a glass bottle. I said "You're going to take off your clothes or I'll hit you with this bottle." not long after I said, "It's just a joke." Nothing had happened.

12./42 First Secondary School in a Normal School

Warning: sexually explicit text

The first year at secondary school (+- 12yo), I remember seeing goth girls my age there, one had a black tutu and you could see her panties. I thought that was very beautiful. To this day I find gothic girls and alternative clothing very attractive. I asked several girls if they wanted to be my girlfriend and they said no. I discovered much later that I am polyamorous or at least ethically non-monogamous. Maybe this had something to do with it, or maybe that's how many twelve year olds are. I remember a girl asking me if I wanted to French kiss her but I didn't feel ready so I said 'no'. I was also worried that she wanted to play a joke on me. Boredom caused me to act weird. Sometimes, I pretended to be a zombie and stuff, so everyone thought I was weird.

13./42 UFO

Warning: sexually explicit text, kidnapping, anal probing ;) , night terrors and aliens of course!

Another chapter that is separate from my relationships, but I still wanted to add this one because the text becomes more of a biography than a text about my love life. I don't think there are aliens flying around our planet, there are just no aliens walking around here.

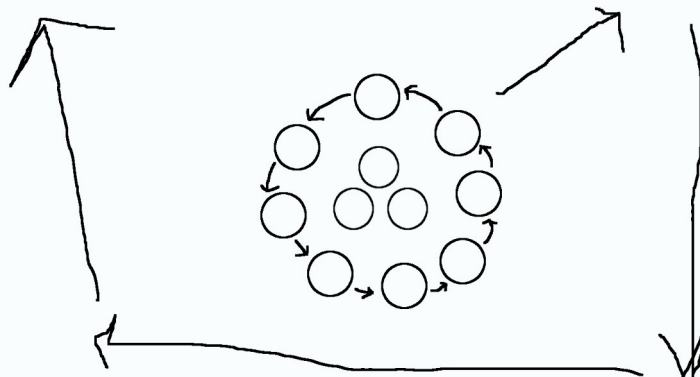
Maybe because the space is so big, there's life somewhere, but the stories about UFOs and aliens are just that, stories.

In primary school, almost everyone in my class had seen a UFO except me. I wanted to see a UFO, but hadn't had any luck yet. One day I saw in the distance, a grey orb in the sky. I was happy! Finally I saw it! A UFO! Now that I think back, it was probably a hot air balloon, or a child's balloon.

Nevertheless, there is one memory that stays with me. We came back from vacation and drove home. It was cloudy and it was raining, it was a wild summer evening and the sun was setting. We drove one long way, we were the only ones on that track.

We heard a hum, from silent to clearly audible. The hum seemed to change in strength but never became loud. My brother and I looked outside, up from where the sound was coming, and we were scared!

'Momma, mamma! A UFO! Mama looked too and she held her head. When mooka saw it she said: 'Oh, my god!'. 'Focus on the road!' said mum. What we saw were lights moving around behind the clouds. They were round white/yellow lights. The lights formed a circle, with lights in the centre. The lights in the centre stood still, while the lights on the periphery revolved. All the lights flew horizontally from one place to another. They would hang at the same place for a while and then go to another place, stay a while, and then another place. As if it was looking for something, or studying it's surroundings.



We were a bit shaken, but mamma said it was probably a light show from a concert. We drove further away from the lights, and the lights didn't follow us as if they weren't interested in us. What was it now? Maybe I remember some things wrong and it was indeed a light show, maybe they hired hot air balloons or helicopters to play with light from above. Maybe it was a test for a new air vehicle. Possibly a military test. I was probably 9 or 11 years old.

Then I have to tell you about the book that scared me. I had to read a book for school, the teacher wanted us to read a book for adults. Actually quite a big expectation for a bunch of 12 year olds, and certainly for me, the autistic of the class. I went to the library with mom, because I love science fiction, so we looked in the science fiction section and I saw a book with the face of a smiling alien on it. It was the 1987 book *Communion* by Whitley Strieber. Translated into Dutch as 'Contact', if I remember correctly. In the book, the author said that he was 'really' abducted from his bed by aliens 'really' and that the aliens took him in their UFO, which traumatized him.

As a 12-year-old, I was terrified of this book, and of aliens because of it, that they would kidnap me. The worst part was that as an autistic I had to finish the book. When I started something, a film or book, I had to finish it, this was my compulsive thought process.

So I put myself through torture to read this scary book. Mum explained that anyone could just write whatever they want, and that the book isn't true. It's good that she did this, but it wasn't enough to help me. The author described how he was anally raped by an alien, I was completely confused, I showed this piece to my mother, and even read it aloud. 'What is all this mum?' Eventually the book disappeared. It was clear; my mother had taken the book from me and brought it back to the library. And she was right, good riddance.

After all these years, in 202X, I decided to read the book again. It is indeed a scary book, you have the feeling that the author is taking you by the neck and telling you about his kidnapping in fear, while coming up with all kinds of bizarre theories. But with a little bit of scepticism, you can quickly debunk his story. He says he was kidnapped at night, so he was probably just dreaming. He may have suffered from night terrors or sleep paralysis. He also went to a therapist who made him remember the abduction through hypnosis. This method is outdated and usually leads to false memories.

The book popularized the concept of aliens anally probing humans in the media. This idea returned to South Park in 1997 with the first episode, "Cartman Gets an Anal Probe." The book *Communion* was also made into a movie in 1989, in which Christopher Walken plays the lead role and gets a probe in his behind. I watched the movie and it's utter madness, and that's what makes it scary. The makers of the film thought the author Strieber was insane, so they decided to let Walken act insane. There's even a weird scene at the end where he dances with the aliens as a sign that he accepts the aliens as a part of his life. I also read the 1988 sequel *Transformation*, a book where I got the feeling that he was just telling his dreams, or he was simply lying. There are even more sequels, but I had it with the Strieber rabbit hole.

14./42 A Mysterious Saviour

Warning: Near death experience, asphyxiation, water.

Another non-relationship chapter. I guess I was 13. My family and I were travelling and went to a large indoor pool. There were pools, hot tubs, water slides and so on. So, my brother and me swam together, and challenged each other. There was a section with an artificial rapid stream. We went through it a few times, and that was fun. We decided to go through but underwater, and it worked. Then we swam against the current, this also worked. There were always a lot of people going through, but we were able to avoid them. We got the idea of swimming underwater against the current. We did this, it worked for my brother, but all of a sudden I was stuck. No matter how hard I swam, I couldn't get ahead. I tried to swim up, but it didn't work either. I was stuck! I was going to drown! Suddenly two arms grabbed me, and they took me out of the water, to the wall of a swimming pool. I clung to it, tired. I hung there like a wet T-shirt on a clothesline. I caught my breath, and looked around to see who my saviour was, but I saw no one, just people swimming past, towards the small section of the rapid stream. I never had a chance to thank that person; the saviour of my life.

15./42 J. Unrequited Love

Warning: Sexual Text, Suicide

I'd ridiculed myself in my first school by walking around like a zombie on purpose and stuff. Mum said there was another school where I might feel at home. A school for children with autism. I went there.

I was one of the very first students, from the first and second high school together. It was a special experience. There was also a period of loneliness. There were no girls in school and I was jealous of young people in other schools whom had sex. Now, as a 28 year old I know that this rarely happens.

Time passed and I turned 15 and finally J. arrived. She was beautiful. She had a long neck, prominent lips and intense blue eyes. You know, the school bus reeked of teenage boys' deodorant and sweat. But when she got on the bus, the bus smelled of roses and blueberries, her hair was still wet, fresh from the shower. I still think about her often, but I don't miss her, she has become a nostalgic memory. I always went to her and chatted with her. We both had hamsters and loved animals and nature. There was a problem though, she was 13, so I lied to the people around me that I was 14. I even went to visit her a few times. I gave her drawings and she once gave me chocolate. I ate small bits of it, cherishing every moment of it. We were also on each other's Myspace. Often there were periods when she didn't say anything....

She would sometimes tell things, weird things, like that she threw her hamster, and then her hamster would show her his teeth. She also said to me: 'When I tell things to others, they get angry, they don't understand me, but you, at least you understand me.' I said 'I'm trying my best.' Her sister passed away, and later her pet lizard. She told her mother that she happened to have more grief about her lizard than with her sister. Then, her mother was then very angry with her.

J. also said she could predict the future. The night before her sister died, she dreamed of a fire: there was a fire in her house, and her sister was trapped in a room full of flames. The next day she went cycling with her sister and they held a race. J. noticed that she had a big lead and arrived first. What she didn't know was.... that her sister had been hit by a truck during the race. We live in an imperfect world, where things happen that shouldn't happen.

Days passed. I went to visit her house. The things she had were themed around horses, she also had a bed with pictures of dinosaurs. I also loved dinos and horses! Especially dinosaurs! Man, I was still a kid then.

She also had taxidermied animals in her room. She had her own 'camp', behind her closet. She crawled in it and I crawled behind her. Nothing had happened. We were just friends.

She told me wild stories. Which I sometimes have my doubts about whether they are true. There was, at the time, a song by Shakira about Africa. J. hated that song. She had once been on a trip to Africa, and had gotten a lot of insect bites there. I then thought: 'She went on a trip to Africa!' My family always travelled to France, Wallonia and the Netherlands but never further. I was always jealous that my classmates went to Egypt, America or Hawaii.

She told me that she bought weed in Madrid and her mother was mad at her. I thought. 'Weed? how did she even do that?' She was only 14, I think, then. In hindsight, I went to Lisbon. I also experienced something there, more on that later....

I noticed you could easily buy weed there, they almost shoved it in your face, but I wasn't interested in that.

She also told that she had been alone, at night, to a graveyard. Someone had pushed her into a bush, but she took out her knife and managed to escape. I thought "Wow, she dares to do that." The thought of a tough tomboy with long hair really appealed to me.

In retrospect, this story is probably fake, but I experienced so much myself that you can never know for sure, what crazy stories might be true....

One day she sended me 'I feel something is up, and I just want you to say it!' (maybe she thought I was mad at her or something) but I replied, like a little kid "I'm in love with you and now I wonder, are you in love with me?" I didn't get an answer to that, but we did see each other. We took a long walk, along the fields. We came to a tree, she climbed into it. I was a nerd, I didn't dare to climb trees.

On the way back I wanted to put my arm over her, but I didn't have the guts to do it so my arm hovered there, above her back, without me touching her. What. a. moron. I. used. to. be. then.

But, you know what, at least I dared to confess my love and I met girls.

At this time, many people thought that the world was going to end in 2012, I didn't believe that because it was an ancient Mayan calendar, and that made no scientific sense. J. said she was going to kill herself in 2012, and I was concerned, deeply concerned, about her. What if she was going to do it, when the world wasn't even going to end?

I was afraid of something though; that CERN's particle accelerator would accidentally create a black hole.

Even though in hindsight this was nonsense and many scientists knew what they were doing, it seemed possible at the time, even if the chance was perhaps 0.0000001 percent according to people on the internet.

J. wanted to remain friends. Eventually our friendship was over, and I was filled with heartbreak. And every time the bus picked her up and she sat further on the bus, my desperate teenage heart ached.

I also remember that her mother wanted to add me on facebook. I refused, I had a strange feeling about it. At that time, social media was still a place for young people, and seeing adults on the site was a bit creepy.

In hindsight, it's for the best I did not accept her invite, it seems respectful to J. to me.

I also went to drawing school. There was a girl named Lore sitting there. She was beautiful, she had black hair and bangs/a fringe and she always wore gothic clothes with short skirts. She was also into anime like me, and was a fan of the Soul Eater series, like me. I asked to meet her and she said yes! I was so happy! We met at the shopping-mall. That store used to be much nicer, then it wasn't full of big annoying screens there, as it is now in 202X. We sat at the stairs and chatted. She told that she was into Wicca and loved to watch people from afar. I confessed my love to her but she said she was in love with someone else. I did help boost her confidence because she thought she was ugly. She was beautiful, and not even fat. Like I said, she had style, and wore this style like it was the most natural thing in the world. I was too foolish not to realize that she didn't want me. I tried to talk to her in drawing school. After a while she stopped going to drawing school, was this because of me? Had I chased her away? Was I getting on her nerves too much?

It was the time of stupid facebook games as well, and I was 14/15 years old so I didn't realize that shit was stealing our information.

One game was hugely misleading. You got a random proposal that someone had commented on your profile picture. So you had to rate other people's profile pictures to collect points so you could see what they said about you. I got a proposal from the game, it was from Lore, she had said something about my profile picture. I played the silly game, accumulated my points, but didn't see what she said about me anywhere. I ended up just asking her through messages if she said anything about my photo or if it was just the game acting stupid.

She said it was just the game acting stupid. So she hadn't said anything about me at all. We didn't messaged for a while and I sent her a message: "When I held you in my arms I was so happy."

I Never got an answer...

Wherever she is, I hope she's happy. Too bad I'd bothered her, by accident, but I at least I had given her a well-deserved ego boost.

I also had a second 'gay' phase. I was attracted to a boy in my class. His name was Y. I confessed my love to him, but we just stayed friends, we were really good friends back then. I also remember that the students in my class had a competition where they took pictures of female teachers' butts. Whomever had the most photos won.

I was so lonely that I wrote a list of things I would do for a loved one. Only now do I know how moronic it is, but on the other hand I now realize that it was a kind of poetry, without me realizing it. It went something like this:

*What I would do for a love:
Texting until my cell phone battery runs out.
Apply sun-cream on her back until the sun-cream is used up.
Make a drawing for her every day.
Buy presents, buy flowers, buy chocolates, listen every day,
And so on, and so on.....*

16./42 Kelly and The USB Stick

Warning: Sexual Text, Stalking

I was about 16 and in 4th grade, and as I've said over and over, I felt lonely. My last girlfriend was in 12 year old elementary.

In addition, I wanted

to experience love and lose my virginity. I cursed my school for autists that only had boys. Guys who weren't exactly looking for girlfriends, strangely enough. There was also S. a counsellor from my school, she always helped me and always motivated me. She had a beautiful smile and broad hips, she was also flat chested, but that's what I liked about her. I just know one day I said to her "I'm in love with you." she said 'Oh, Billy, jeez!' (Billy is my old name.) She was shocked and of course nothing had happened between us.

So instead of loving a love I watched hentai, weird hentai. Nothing wrong with that, they were drawings and drawings don't hurt anyone. Besides that, I did something terrible. Of the few girls whom were in my school, and of the pretty teachers, I secretly took pictures. I took pictures of women and girls without permission with my iPod. I was sick, I wanted to preserve their beauty, to keep them with me.

Meanwhile I had fallen in love with a girl I had met through facebook, Kelly was her name. She was a friend of Y., Y. who was in my class. I think I confessed my love to her online. We agreed to meet in Roeslare, I went there by train.

We drank together, we cuddled in the park. We loved each other, we went to the toilet together to cuddle but the toilet lady saw this and chased us away. We went to the station to go back home. And from her... I got my first french kiss.

We chatted a lot via skype. She went to visit me at home. We were in bed together, we didn't have sex but we did experiment. They were sexual acts. I stuck my penis between her breasts. Then she masturbated me, I almost came, and for some reason she let go.

Because I almost came, I continued, and I came a second later. So on the one hand I had lost my virginity and on the other hand I hadn't, it depends how you looked at it. Since the end of 201X I know that this doesn't matter, but back then I thought it was important.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door, and I said, out of habit, "Yes?".

F*cking fool I was then!

My mother opened the door and saw us lying there and quickly closed the door. I apologized to Kelly and explained that I was doing it out of habit.

For her birthday, I went to visit her home. She loved wolves so I had bought a book about wolves bought for her. We went to her room, I wanted to finger her but she had her period so she said we could not have sex. She went to the bathroom, and I wanted to see her pee, but she didn't want me to see it.

In any case, even though I finally had a girlfriend, I still secretly took pictures of girls. I saved them on my computer and also on a USB stick as a backup. I was afraid of losing the beauty of the girls in my class and in this sickly way I kept their beauty with me.

Anyway, Y. had downloaded the anime Elfen lied and promised to put it on my USB stick, I don't remember if the whole series would fit on it, but a few episodes was good too. Y. told me this at a time when we had to take the bus so

I had to decide quickly, I told him he could put the episodes in my USB drive as long as he didn't look on my USB folders.

This seems normal, maybe there were beach photos of me in my swimming trunks?

You can say that I made a wrong decision by giving my USB stick, but in hindsight I'm glad it happened.

The next day, sh!t hit the fan. Everyone called me a pervert, and S. wanted to see me. Y. saw me and said that what he had found on my USB stick was really, utterly disgusting. Y. immediately called my school and gave my USB stick to a supervisor. After that I had to visit supervisor S. I had to show her the pictures and my weird hentai. She was very disappointed in me and I was crying. They explained to me that this was completely unacceptable and that I had to delete the photos and hentai. I did this as well. I was also no longer allowed to take my iPod Touch with me. I did that, until my old mp3 player broke, then I took my iPod Touch back after two years, but only to listen to music. There was one snobbish boy who said "You can't take it anymore with you!".

My parents took me to the psychologist as any responsible parent would. You don't want your child to become a rapist or murderer, do you? I confessed it all to the psychologist and explained everything. He told me I had made a big mistake, but learned from it. He asked me if 'I felt like a slave to my penis'. and I said no. He said I didn't have a sex addiction. He also said that I was not a psychopath because I was not focused on pain. I didn't want to hurt others. I was full of guilt. One day Y. was taking pictures of me on the bus and he said "You brought this on yourself." I came home crying.

Meanwhile, I was still in a relationship with Kelly. She knew what had happened through Y. and I tried to deny it, but she knew well enough what I had done wrong and didn't send anything for a while. Finally she sent that she had broken up, I said in a moronic way "That's smart, you didn't send anything for a while." Even though it was my fault, I was still mad at Y.

I've been hiding my weird sexual side ever since. No more unwanted photos, I still looked at weird hentai, there's nothing wrong with drawings and tentacles, but I kept this side of me a secret until201X (see later at the chapters about Myrtle).

In the end I'm glad it got out. It was like a cold shower, I was going in the wrong direction and I was shaken awake. Nevertheless, the stench of what had happened would haunt me for the rest of my school career. I was very sorry, I cried a lot and I remember my counsellor saying 'Hey, you didn't commit murder'.

In addition, because I was shunned by most students for a while, I had become emotionally stronger.

I had a problem, and this became the problem of others. But if I stopped giving a shit about what others thought it was just the problem of others. Even though I deleted the photos, the beauty of the women are still in my head, in my memories. I remember when one of the girls I had a crush on got really mean. She said bad things about a friend of mine for no reason.

She has also become ugly. But in my memory, I see her when she was still beautiful, when I was still in love with her.

17./42 Beppy

Warning: Sexual text, suicide, slut shaming

A new girl had arrived at school; Beppy. I was in 5th grade (+-17yo) at the time and thought she was a teacher at first. She was long, and had big, well, big breasts. Her clothes also seemed mature, the first time I saw her she was wearing a black vest and black pants. She had a relationship with Herman for a while. He was extremely autistic, but because of that his strength was that he knew a lot. He was like a walking encyclopedia. He knew a lot about extinct creatures. Also dinosaurs? I wonder. He knew by heart which country had which capitals and learned several languages. He was a good guy. That's why I was surprised that he was in a relationship with Beppy who apparently got into a lot of trouble yet was hugely popular. Many boys loved her. She gave the boys lots of hugs and the boys sometimes touched her behind. I thought that was cool of her, she was a free-spirited girl who didn't care what others thought. The narrow-minded teachers spoke of "inappropriate behaviour" and "that this was not normal for a girl her age". There is already so little love in the world and then they start acting so old-fashioned.... My classmates were not much better either, they were jealous and called her "a slut". The boys from the school were virgins who wanted to lose their virginity, but if a girl says or does something she is immediately "a whore", such a BS logic. Beppy and Herman did have one thing in common, they both liked to learn languages, namely Arabic. This fact will be important later in this story. One day Beppy and Herman broke up.

Later, something happened. Beppy and Jay got on well. At one point she and Jay went to the toilet, Jay fingered Beppy. Meanwhile, Miss K. had seen that they had gone to the toilet. Instead of letting two teens gain experience in a consensual way, she took a f*cking coin and opened the door like the inquisitive Karen she was. But yes, we have to take into account what she thought, maybe she wanted to check that everything was indeed happening consensually. She swung the door and caught Beppy and Jay right in the act. Beppy and Jay each had to go to the supervisors separately. Beppy understood that what she was doing was wrong according to the school. Jay, on the other hand, got angry and started shouting that Beppy had "framed him" and that Beppy was "a dirty b!tch". That's why my school decided to expel Jay from school.... forever. I thought that was an exaggerated punishment, simply because he was experimenting a bit. I mean our school was in a small village, in the middle of nowhere, and everyone lived quite far away from our school, so it was difficult to meet after school. In addition, where can you find a private space as a minor? You still live with your parents so it's a lot of work, not only to gather your courage and talk to a girl, but you still have to convince their parents or your own parents to let that person come to visit.

Anyway, it was over, between Beppy and Herman and I had the feeling that I had to act quickly, or she would run off with someone else. In addition, she waved at me and even blew kisses towards me. In the meantime I had turned 17.

As soon as I could I found her on facebook, and, like a moron, I said "I'm in love with you." She said she was in love with me as well. I asked, "Are we in a relationship now?" and she said 'Yes'. I asked how old she was, and her answer exploded in my face like a bomb. 'THIRTEEN YEARS'. SH*T! She didn't look that young at all!

I got to know her better. She had a pale skin, but identified as a Muslim, much to her parents' dismay. Her father worked for the police. She said she had bought headscarves but her parents hid them. Because her father couldn't find a babysitter, she had to go to her father's work where she saw a cloth with blood. She had a younger sister about eight years old. She said that she was on skype with her sister and often encountered men who masturbated in front of the camera, she had to laugh about it.

I had never experienced that before, so I was shocked that she was only 13 AND that her 8 year old sister saw those things, 8 YEARS!

I wanted to keep our relationship a secret at first since our age difference. But the first day of our relationship she came to me and my classmates winking and pushing her elbows against me, making it clear to everyone that we were in a relationship. sigh.

Our relationship was nice though. We could only see each other during the lunch break, because she was in BSO and I was in ASO, and only then was there a shared square for both groups. Kind of stupid to keep people separated like that, but it was what it was.

We hugged long. I gave her kisses and licked her neck. When we hugged she rocked her crotch against mine, that was....

nice actually. She learned to work in the gardens which made her smell like sweat and made her neck taste salty. I wanted to French kiss her, but she kept her mouth shut. She said she wasn't ready yet. So I apologized.

I was a little surprised though. Everyone called her a "whore and slut" but she was a virgin, didn't French kiss and was only 13! She chatted a lot of Arabic with other men online. On her profile they asked how I was, and she just replied. That was rather peculiar, she told strangers everything about our relationship. In addition, my class was angry that I was dating a 13-year-old girl. They always said "Ooh, how is your jail-bait?" I pretended I didn't know what this meant, but when you're on the internet you hear a lot, and I knew it was a term for attractive underage girls. As if they lured grown men into jail. At one point, Beppy was angry with me. I wondered what was going on and she told me that Joris had said all kinds of things about me, so much so that she didn't even want to repeat it. I knew that Joris often gossiped and lied, so I said it probably wasn't true. And like that, our relationship was healed.

There was one night when she suddenly sent something. She said "I'm going to kill myself" or rather "I'm going to KMS" as she called it. I was concerned and tried to call her, I sent numerous messages. I called the school and sent an email. But got no answer. I got a message back from her. She was still alive, she had gone out and said she couldn't kill herself because she didn't find any rope. The next day at school, she was mad at me for telling the teachers. I had to keep it a secret that she had suicidal thoughts. I had to go to the supervisors and they told me "sometimes people say things that you should not believe". Sounded like bad advice when it comes to, well, suicide. All this time my parents knew nothing, nothing at all. The counsellor knew about our relationship and apparently didn't mind, our relationship was consensual and not sexual. Our relationship got a little better, but there was a problem, I had a lot, a lot of schoolwork. Beppy kept, and kept texting and with my homework I couldn't always answer. I also didn't have a smartphone, did that even exist then? So our relationship suffered as a result.

One day she made a proposal, she was going to "break up" but "not really break up." I didn't understand what she meant and I had a bad feeling about it, so I said "let's break up completely". I was sad. My class was rude to Beppy, but not to me, as if I couldn't defend myself. I don't think she deserved all the hate and rudeness she got from my classmates. Okay, I never said anything, but Beppy didn't deserve hate. Beppy had a typical laugh, which was so loud you could hear them from a long distance, something many hated about her, but when I heard that laugh I got a lump in my throat and tears came to my eyes, I missed her. My class talked about how she cuddled with other boys and "grinded her crotch against them" as she did with me. It seemed like a shard went through my heart. They also said that she met a 21-year-old guy through the internet, he picked her up from the boarding school so they could have a drink together. 13 is indeed quite young to go out for a drink alone; plus 21 is quite... old to have a drink with a 13 year old. Yikes!

She hadn't told anyone whom she was going with and where she was going, and the counsellors at the boarding school, who were in their 20s themselves, thought we were all a bunch of disabled people with the minds of 6-year-olds. So they immediately called the police, the police did a whole search and brought Beppy back, and the boy was suddenly suspected of kidnapping. I still remember, in the refectory, the dining room, when Beppy looked at me, she looked at me in a way I felt the world spinning around me. How she did that I did not know, but women, what a power they have!

Eventually, Beppy was back together with Herman.

With all this stuff it sounds like those relationships I had with Kelly and Beppy lasted a year, but no, both relationships lasted one month each. It's high school and adolescence. It's teen drama, a lot of teen drama.

18./42 J. Unrequited Love, Part 2

Warning: Sexual Text

Life went on. A beautiful boy had arrived at school, he looked like a girl, he had long red hair, thick lips, and big cheeks. He was a little plump, but definitely not fat. I was in love with him, but never told him that. Maybe this was another 'gay phase', he looked very feminine and I accepted my feelings for him.

I had fallen in love with a girl named Jolonde. I wanted to talk to her, but every time I went to her she went away. As the moronic autistic that I was, I didn't realize at all she didn't want anything to do with me. I didn't give up. It was valentine and I had drawn a valentine heart for her, it was a heart with a lot of doodles on it, and I gave it to her on valentine. The next day she came to me, she had an answer for me. We walked for a while to where it was a bit quieter, near a tree. Her answer was 'no' and she gave my heart back. Of course I accepted it.

Anyway, I was angry at home, like the fool I was then. I tore the heart into pieces and flushed it down the toilet.

Then I fell in love with Liesje. We often met, but when I confessed my emotions she said 'I never know what to say in moments like this' and neither did I. So nothing happened. I do remember when she was with another boy. That boy suddenly said to her, "I've forgotten why I'm in love with you." 'Damn it' I thought, 'I can think of a thousand reasons why I'm in love with her!' "Oh, now I remember!" said the boy suddenly.

In the meantime J. had contacted me again. We went to see the movie Brave together, I remember it well, because I was nervous during the movie. It was 201X, the last month of 5th grade and I was about 18.

I thought, "Well J. is older now, and maybe the hormones have kicked in now and we can finally be in a relationship."

We were waiting for the movie to start, a corny love song was playing, when it was over I tried to kiss her but she pushed her head away, I tried again and she nodded no. I stopped and was anxious, had I scared her?
Once at home we texted, she asked 'are you mad at me?' and I said, "No, I just thought you were mad at me."
I was glad we weren't arguing, we chatted for a bit and then she said 'I'm going to stop sending now to save my cell phone.'
This was the last thing she said to me.

I was always in love with someone, maybe this was the sign that I was Polyamorous, or rather Ethically Non-monogamous.
But I will come back to this later.
I used to be a lonely loser, but I got tired of breaking my heart over and over again, so I thought I'd stop looking for love for a while.

Meanwhile, Q., a good friend of mine, fell in love with J. He was quite a nerdy boy, he wore glasses and had quite a weird way of talking. He had no idea that I was in love with J., but he sought advice and help from me. He called her "The Creature" so people wouldn't notice we were talking about her, wow, totally not creepy at all. He wanted me to go with him to her and talk to her and stuff, which was hard because J. wanted to keep a distance with that I was in love with her. Later Q. came up to me and said:
"My counsellor went to me and said I had to stop obsessing over J!" I was completely confused, I tried to help my friend to find a girlfriend, but instead I was helping him Stalk someone! Q. said: "They want me to stop, but how can I stop thinking about someone? How do I stop being in love with someone? I'm not a robot whose emotions you can just remove!"
I immediately told the counsellors, and they said they would talk quietly with Q. about it.

Beppy, J. and Jolonde will be back! But first it's time for the next chapter.

19./42 H, a long love

Warning: Sexual text, incest, cheating, paedophilia

I was in the 6th grade and I was 18, it was 201X. I was a big fan of Evangelion then, and was in a facebook group for Evangelion fans. There I got to know H.. We started talking on facebook. She sent a lot.
One day she sent me: 'I'm in love with... a chair.' This made me suspect that she was in love with me.

I first arranged to meet her for an Evangelion Fan Christmas Meet. H. was wearing a shoulder strap, she had an operation on her shoulder and it needed to heal. She already knew everyone in the group. After the meet I thought I'd meet up with her. I literally asked my parents and brother if they could leave that day, damn what a guts I had back then. They went to see a movie. It was snowing when we met. I told her I had autism and she said 'Yes, I already had the feeling that something was special about you.' I told them I had two mothers and she liked that for some reason. She later said that this made me grow up with respect for women.
We were alone in the couch downstairs and there I spilled the beans: "I must confess something, I think I'm madly in love with you."
We chatted a little further, but she was going to wait before starting a relationship. We kissed, a French kiss, and she bit my lip if I kissed too fast, that was actually hot. She also tended to lick my cheek for fun.
After our first meeting alone I had written a text it went something like this:

*'You are the moon in the dark winter night
We leave tracks in the snow together*

*In the cold wind, you are like a warm flame
The white flakes are whirling around*

*You are a tornado of emotion
Like a spring sun*

Do you melt away frozen tears'

We spoke a few times. I said I thought she was in love with me because she sent so much, but she sent a lot of messages to everyone and made that "I'm in love with....a table" joke towards a lot of people

After a while, H. said 'Yes'. We were finally in a relationship. We had sex in my room, I finally lost my virginity! At eighteen! Now I know it doesn't matter, some people are virgins, others have sex every week with someone else, to each their own. I couldn't cum inside her, but I jerked off afterwards.

I remember how Joris always jealously said "puppy love" He was wrong at first because our relationship lasted 5 years. But in the end he was right, we were both still young and had a lot to growing to do,growing apart.

As I said, H. wore a shoulder strap. Something had happened before I met her. She was on the bus with Josefien to go to school, and she was already standing upright to leave the bus.

A rich woman in a BMW suddenly drove from the parking lot, forcing the bus to brake abruptly. H. flew forward and fell to the ground. She called the 100 (Belgian 911) and then called her father and said 'My dislocated is shoulder! My dislocated is shoulder! Her father didn't understand. H. was panicking completely. Josefien said: 'Don't you mean: Your shoulder is dislocated?' H. was taken to the hospital, her shoulder 'clicked' back in like a piece of machinery, like a Bionicle toy. Her muscles were partially torn. She suffered from mild chronic pain all her life because of this.

It was a huge battle with the insurance as well, they didn't want to pay her anything so they let the case drag on for so long, hoping H. would give up. There was going to be a lawsuit. She had to show her shoulder and her back in a room with a lot of experts where she had to take off her bra. She really didn't like that. They also did an examination to see if her nerve was damaged. They taped an electrical wire to her arm and sent shocks through it. She was in no pain, but her arm was moving up and down and she was crying. 'I felt exactly like an experiment.' It was a shame, because of her arm she could not finish her art studies. She studied at REDACTED ART-SCHOOL in REDACTED TOWN for a Bachelors Degree in Arts (Higher Education). Her shoulder made it difficult for her to operate the printing machines. She had also created abstract works, but because of this, the teachers felt that she could not work in themes. As a result, she had to stop her studies. She then did a teacher training course, but more about this later. She had to undergo multiple surgeries on her shoulder. Her life was changed forever. And that Karen who just drove in front of a bus didn't notice, and won't notice. That Karen will never know she made someone's life shittier, forever.

I remember the first time I visited H.'s home. She lived in 'the middle of nowhere', right next to a cafe, in the far nothingness. It was part of a municipality that didn't even have a station, it was that hidden. It was an hour's drive by car, two hours by public transport! First, I had to take a train and then a bus, or two buses in succession. The worst part was that the train and first bus drove past the municipality, so I always took a big detour. Both H. and I did not have a driver's license at the time. Now, I still don't understand how we could stay together for so long, but oh well. I was at her house and we played on the Wii first, the only time we actually gamed at her house. I kept asking if we could go to her room, but she said 'no'. We ended up going to her room and had sex. She did say I was asking for it too much, which was weird for her parents. Her father had a big walrus moustache, which made it difficult for me to take him seriously. H. thought this was terrible of me. Every time I said something negative about her parents she became upset. She's not her parents, is she? And when I tried to explain it, she only got angrier, so I dropped the subject. The same went for her neighbourhood. I said her neighbourhood was sleazy, just as my city could be sleazy. She was then angry at me 'Oh, you think I'm sleazy?' "No, I think your neighbourhood is sleazy, they make noise and keep us up all night." "Yeah, but you're generalizing again, you're rude to people living in poverty."

Sorry, a lot of people use sleazy when talking about the lower classes, but I use sleazy as in 'rude' and if someone is behaving 'rude' it is sleazy.

A homeless person who sleeps outside is not sleazy, he can't help it. A well-known singer who beats up his wife, or a man with a red Ferrari who stops at a shop to pee against the shop's window are sleazy. H. therefore lived in a sleazy neighbourhood. It used to be quiet there, but next to her house someone had set up a café 'The FourClover' every time the owner was some crook who sooner or later ended up in prison, so there was always a different owner. 'The FourClover' was nicknamed 'The JailClover'. Because of the noise H.'s mother kept calling the police, but whenever the police arrived, the cafe turned the music down, only to turn it back on once the police had left. As a result, H.'s mother was seen as the witch of the village. It wasn't just that. She used to keep a 'Frituur' open, a chip shop, where she sold Belgian fries. They ate fries every day, making her mother, H. and her father fat. Her mother in particular suffered from it so much that she could no longer work and had to have a few back operations. Only her brother and sister had survived the Belgian Fries Era without becoming obese. Her sister was young, she was 13, when I first saw her.

Another reason why H.'s mother was called the witch was because she hated cats. H. had the luxury of living among cats, but neither she nor her mother liked them. Instead of enjoying all the feline love and free cat cuddles, they were upset because a cat occasionally pooped in the yard. The owner of the cats often lost a cat and searched for it with food 'Minnie, Minnie!' she cried, which got on H.'s nerves. Her mother called the police to have the cats taken away, but the owner was always angry and said to the police that those cats were hers. But when the mother sued that woman for nuisance, that woman said "but those cats aren't mine!" Her mother fastened glass shards with cement to the top of the wall, which acted as a gate, to scare the cats away, but the cats just sat, along and on the shards. Sometimes one of the cats walked into the house, and you should know, H.'s house was a high house with many floors, it used to be a hotel. As soon as the mother saw a cat, she threw it out the window from the top floor. One of the cats she'd thrown from the top floor was meowing in pain in the street until someone took the poor animal to the vet. She really was a witch, the witch of the village.

I loved H. She was sweet, warm and soft. She took my flaws into account and accepted me as I was. And we both loved Evangelion. Even before I was in 6th grade, I decided to go to REDACTED ART-SCHOOL where she also studied. So we had that in common as well. She had even given her old courses that allowed me to learn the lessons before I even had those lessons. I had a bit of a head start. I went to family parties. She had a big family, and the family parties lasted a long time, sometimes about 5 hours. I would take material with me to study, but that was sometimes difficult. She, her sister, niece and I used to play board games then.

The family thought I was weird, but I told jokes and they thought I was nice. They did ask H. "Is there something wrong with that boy?" and she said, 'Yes, he has autism.'

Warning, this paragraph contains descriptions of child sexual abuse.

H. also told about her ex. Johnny. He was very sweet at first, but afterwards his dark side revealed itself. H. was only 16, but Johnny was already 24. He had epilepsy and was afraid of snakes. Despite this, he drank a lot, which caused him to have seizures and whenever he had a seizure, he blamed H.

They sometimes went to the movies, but whenever a snake appeared in the movie, he left with H. and blamed her again. One evening he confessed to H. that he was a paedophile, showing her his "carefully curated child porn collection". He said that "Its okay, because for children, it's like "a game"". One video was of a child in a buggy, she was wearing a skirt with her diaper underneath. There was another video, in which an eight-year-old girl and her dad. She, well, she gave a blowjob. The girl looked angry. Obviously, Johnny had a sick mind. Towards the end of the relationship, they often quarrelled. Johnny went looking to buy a house near her neighbourhood. H. came to visit for his birthday, but they argued and then he threw a plate towards her face, luckily H. was able to avoid it. Then it was over. Johnny sent his mother to H. His mother had to beg H. to go back to Johnny. Mr. Johnny was a pathetic manipulator, his poor mom had to do his dirty work. I then thought "Ah, finally a woman who can distinguish bad men from good men, and had chosen a good man; me!" I had absolutely no idea how moronic and toxic I was then.

When H. and I had a date, it was always for a reason, and I thought that was a shame. We could never just be together, have sex and cuddle in bed for a long time. It was as if H. had to have an excuse every time so we could be together. I had to go with all her friends, girlfriends and family. I always tried to keep some time in my agenda free because I never knew when H. wanted to meet and I was not allowed to cancel 'too many' things or H. would be angry.

H. also told about her neighbourhood. She used to play there with her friends, but they have grown apart. Those friends were pretty sleazy. The brother and sister had had sex when they were teenagers, and the sister had become pregnant. The child was born with mental impairment and a physical deformity. Their mother and father pretended it was their child, but the whole neighbourhood knew the dark truth.

The end of each year was extremely difficult this period. I had exams and always lost a lot of time with the holidays. Each party was celebrated several times at H.'s family. I had to spend Christmas with all her family AND then separately, because they are "heathen" and that father couldn't be at the first family party because of his work. AND then I had to spend another Christmas with my family. Then suddenly it was New Years, which I always had to celebrate with her and her friends AND then I had to go back to the big family New Years party.

The next section is about sexuality and death, so you can safely skip this one:

H. also had someone in her family who wanted to become pregnant. Her husband happened to work in a morgue. She was heavily pregnant, but she was in tremendous pain. The doctor looked shocked, she had worms. She told this to her husband, and her husband confessed: He had sex with corpses. He had thus acquired worms and infected his wife and unborn child. The child died before birth. The woman and the man, of course, separated.

H. had to take medication for her shoulder at one point. She had strange dreams because of this. In one dream she had a nightmare that her friend Josefien and I were completely ignoring her.

H.'s uncle, Frank, once ran a café. The cafe actually belonged to someone else; his boss. That boss made false promises. He said that the uncle would get the cafe if he worked hard enough. He had to work overtime and sometimes did not get his wages. It was a situation he had to get out of.

H. also had a girlfriend she hated. She had a YouTube channel and made vlogs. H. didn't understand that exactly. "She always films herself, what a big ego she has!" There was something special about H.'s family. As if you weren't allowed to be too much of an individual. Her brother once had a group project in higher education. And as with all group projects, you always have just one person doing all the work and the rest sitting lazily in their couch gaming and eating chips. The brother had to do all the work but this was too much for one person. So he stole the code from another group and tweaked it a bit so he could succeed. The school saw this afterwards, and he failed that task. Such things happen, but it was so strange that all H.'s family, kept talking about it. Again, again and again they told this story and they said "He has no sense of guilt, he has no sense of guilt". What should he do? Cry? Give himself 26 lashes?

Her brother always put too much garbage in the garbage can. He always complained to H. "You change the bags in the garbage bags too quickly! Those bags are expensive! If you live alone you will have to pay a lot!"

"Look, I'll show you how to do it!" he then rolled up his sleeves and, with a big smile, pushed the trash down. Unfortunately, the bag would tear each time, and rotten milk or other foul-smelling juice would drip from the poor garbage bag. It was a scene that kept repeating itself.

My family, H. and I once went to Budapest for a few days. I had found all kinds of nice places through Atlas Obscura, such as the Michael Jackson tree, etc. We also visited a cave church that was hidden in a mountain. Budapest is a beautiful city, hills covered with colourful houses.

During my studies, art project in higher education, I went to France with my class.

It was only for a week or two, but it seemed like an eternity. It was the first time I went abroad "alone", and my French was bad. I camped there with my class. I felt lonely there. There was a girl from REDACTED ART-SCHOOL I talked too and she gave me a hug, but after that trip we stopped chatting. There was also a lesbian girl she was chubby but beautiful. She sat on my lap. Another girl said I was a player, and I was honestly amazed and said "Player? I wouldn't even know how to do that?" I was just a lonely boy who always looked for affection.

The Evangelion fan group also organized camps for the Evangelion fans. We were with 20 to 30 members. We rented a room and dormitory somewhere in the woods. We played games and so on.

The organizers had experience in the scouts, so they could handle the responsibility. This happened three times, once a year. The last 2 times H. was a member of the organizers together with Josefien. It was fun. The group consisted mainly of girls, and to sleep in one big room full of women is a dream that, for many, will never come true! Nothing happened, I was together with H. I had also jokingly 'fought' with a girl, whoever got the other in the ground first won, she was stronger than me. Quite a nice experience to be dominated by a woman.... We also did a water balloon fight, all the women were wearing bathing suits or bikinis. We had a lot of fun.

We also watched shooting stars, together. There is a group of meteorites that are always visible around the same period, so you can see shooting stars. H. and I lay on the ground together with everyone else, watching the white stripes that occasionally sparked in the black sky. You saw a little sparkle, and as soon as you looked at it, it was already too late. It's a very special experience. My love and I held hands. It was beautiful.

There was a point during dinner when I didn't have enough with one plate so I took a little more. H. was mad at me then because apparently the food was running out. I felt like a little child being punished. Next time I always took some food from home. You probably think I'm fat, but no, I weigh 76kg but I have a tummy, yes.

Afterwards, H. said that two people had sex in the woods. Everyone acted like this was something bad. I don't understand, what was wrong with this? Two people had a good time, and they did it in private in a place where no one saw it and no one was bothered.

20./42 H, a long love part 2: Beyond the borders

Warning: Sexual Text, Cheating

As an anime fan, one of my biggest wishes was to go to Japan. And, in my 3rd Bachelor I was allowed to go abroad. So I went in 201X, to Kanazawa. I was afraid I was going to cheat on H. and we discussed this as well.

I ended up in Japan. It was an interesting experience. A different climate, a different language and different people, but essentially everyone is the same. We all eat, drink and sleep. We have feelings, opinions and most of us have a family, dreams and wishes. The people from Japan were very polite and helpful. They were already wearing mouth masks, 5 years in advance! LOL.

I visited an anime shop there, there was also a small maid cafe there. It was a cute anime themed cafe. It wasn't weird or sexual at all, I ate the best ice cream ever there. I also met with girls a few times, but it was just platonic. I did give one a hug. They also had vending machines with round capsules, some with a hentai theme. I couldn't resist and bought two. They were two little anime women, it consisted of two or three parts that I had to put together. They looked hot and in my little apartment alone, I masturbated while watching. An interesting experience.

For Halloween there was also a party for foreign teachers, they were dressed up. I went there, maybe 'something' might happen, but in hindsight, teachers are pretty close-minded, usually. I chatted with several people, it was fun, I stared at a woman, hoping she'd understand that I liked her, but in hindsight I probably made her uncomfortable. Oops, sorry. Maybe I had the chance to have sex with a Japanese girl, but I was with H. and my apartment was in quite a mess. I wondered how long people can go without sex. I had a toxic thought at the time, but more on that later. Sometimes I cried out of loneliness, I missed my parents and H.

I masturbated and fantasized about the Japanese women I had met. This was great. My fantasy went in all directions, without hurting anyone or creating drama.

There was also a weird moment. While I was in Japan, the terrorist attacks happened in France. Suddenly I saw images from France in Japan everywhere. People asked how I was, if I was okay. In the news they said, one of the people they caught, said they were going to attack Belgium. It sounded unlikely they were going to attack Belgium, back then.

I tried to send an email to H. and my parents every day. Sometimes I did not have time.

When, I was back in Belgium I often talked about Japan, and the good things they had there, and what we didn't have. H. and I would visit people and I would talk about my trip, she would always say "You've already told this." and then I said "but they haven't heard this yet."

I had promised that we would go on a trip to Japan together, but something like that is very expensive and was not going to happen soon. She was clearly jealous, which wasn't nice for me.

On a school trip to Lisbon, I went there for an art project festival. A group of girls from my class had booked a hotel and asked if I wanted to join them. A hotel room with only girls? Sure, I said yes. In retrospect it turned out to be a hostel, not a hotel. Several guests were present. I had to sleep in another room full of men and women. The girls slept in another room with one other girl: Rodina Hood. Sometimes I went with the girls to an exhibition. Sometimes I went somewhere alone. I often went to a movie, an art project, especially at night. The girls went partying together with Rodina. One of the girls had once cooked a spicy meal and as a result they all became gassy. Farting made them giggle, and I could laugh about it too. In fact, I found it exciting. The thought that one day such beautiful women could be dirty and do something so intimate while I was there.

Lisbon was also a beautiful city, with large hills full of colourful buildings. It looked like standing waves covered with houses.

- The next part refers to rape, so feel free to skip it until the next chapter -

It was evening and I was reading my book in the living room of the hostel. Suddenly Rodina came and sat next to me, upset. I was completely confused. She said one of the hosts tried to rape her in the shower. She gasped. Suddenly that A-hole came into our room, pretending to be on his computer. I didn't know what to do. She asked to put my arm over her shoulder and I did. Then we went to her room. She packed her things. Suddenly that fool opened the door to say something like "As a man I couldn't just enter a girl's room". In my mind's eye I saw that pervert abusing her, and I had to prevent this at all costs. I was full of fear, I felt like an empty skeleton propelled by my duty to protect someone at all costs. Yelling at him, feeling anger and adrenaline, I yelled, 'I don't know what you are doing, but please stop! It's scary!' The man said scared "Okay, okay, no scary." The he left. After that, Rodina and I left the hostel. I said 'oh I have forgotten my wallet!' but Rodina said she didn't want to go back. I could always go behind my stuff alone, if necessary with a glass bottle or umbrella to defend myself. I searched google maps for a police office, but Rodina didn't want the police involved. She went to a burger joint near the hostel. I thought it was weird that she wanted to rest so close to the hostel, but okay. We sat there and ate. In the meantime I called the girls and explained what had happened. Another woman also wondered what had happened so I explained. The woman knew the people who worked in the restaurant AND the people who worked in the hostel and explained this to the other hostel owners. The girls arrived. Rodina had finished her burger and appeared to be in a haze. She said "Goodbye Darling" as she stared ahead and then fell asleep. It was only now that I noticed that she was drunk. She slept one night at the hostel and that night I sat in front of the door in the narrow hallway until one of the other girls arrived. After that night she immediately left for another place.

The girls told that there was something wrong with Rodina. She said she broke her arm and had to stay home from school for a while so her arm could heal, but her arm healed faster, so she had like a month more free time, it was obviously a convoluted lie. Drinking is something Rodina used to do a lot, she said, "I wish I could always stay drunk." Running from her family, running from herself. The girls said she would kiss that man all the time, and sometimes, playfully, would push his face away. So the guy was all excited and maybe thought he'd been given permission to do more.....

The girls began to tell about the things they had been through with men. One girl was harassed on the train by a man in a cowboy hat, He touched her crotch. When she told the police, the police said "Yes, we know him already". The police acted like this was normal, and the fact that they knew him, why wasn't this man not already arrested? Another girl said she went on vacation as a child when she was 14. There were people their looking after the kids, doing activities with them. One of them was a 20 year old men and he was very fond of her. The mother thought it was cute, but the girl didn't want anything to do with him, she thought it was weird. When she got back home, the man tried to call her constantly, and she never picked up. Then there was another girl she said she had a gymnastics teacher in high school, a man who always wanted to be in the locker rooms when the girls changed. The girls didn't like this, so one day they barricaded the door and that teacher got really furious.

I was completely confused. It was as if someone had lifted a cloth from reality and I saw dirty men everywhere with bad intentions.

I immediately bought fruit juice in a glass bottle so that I could use it as a weapon, and I slept with it in the hostel. I had a hard time falling asleep, the event played over and over in my head, as if I had done something wrong, and I had to fix it. In hindsight I had done what I had to do, the man had been chased away, I was afraid that he would visit me again. The he would somehow track me through the internet and go to my house to take revenge on me.

At one point that man was back there, and I didn't know what to do, I was about to leave my room with all my stuff, and I think I said it to the other patrons or the girls. But it turned out to be a misunderstanding, it was a man who looked like the rapist, and we explained it. I apologized. Later the girls invited me to eat Japanese together, maybe it was an attempt to make me feel better, but the restaurant turned out to be an illegal restaurant, and I was angry with them.

Maybe I shouldn't have been so mad at them afterwards. But first the hotel turned out to be a hostel, then it turned out there was a rapist there. Then they took me to an illegal restaurant, so who knows what they put in the food.

Suddenly Lisbon had become a dark place, wherever I went dark figures hissed "hassshhh" at me. I thought; maybe J. had told the truth about Madrid. Had she bought weed in Madrid since it was so easy? Since the rapist incident I always check if I have something to defend myself, like an umbrella.

21./42 H, a long love part 3: Beyond the sound barrier

Warning: sexually explicit text

It was a strange time. In March 2016 IS carried out a terrorist attack at the Zaventem airport. And not so long ago, I was there, to leave for Lisbon. Had I been stupid? On the other hand, how small was the chance I would have been killed?

The Belgian government, like everyone else, knew that IS was up to something in Belgium and yet these terrorists had slipped through the cracks. Then a man who seemed rather belligerent was elected in America and was going to take office on January 20, 2017. Was this man going to start a Third World War with North Korea? I bought a bag of rice and other food that lasted a long time. I also read a book about survival, the SAS survival guide. H. didn't like this at all. She said, 'When we go to live alone later, you'll just buy a bag of rice, and it takes up so much space.' I can't imagine that one bag of rice takes up so much space, it's my life and my money and I do what I want with it. Food that almost lasts forever is a wise investment, because you never know what might happen. Yet H. kept talking about it again and again. While her house itself had a room full of food, and several freezers full of food, strangely enough.

She said I was scared, but she herself was scared of some internet conspiracy theory that the military was going to open a portal to another world.... sigh. H. once had to redo her year at REDACTED ART-SCHOOL and then stopped. Her younger classmates seemed to be gossiping

about her and she didn't like it. She then did teacher training, she did it not far from my school. I often walked to her school to have lunch with her. She got along well with her class there. However, the study turned out to be too difficult for her, so she stopped studying for a period, and worked in different places for a while. When she had nothing to do she would text me a lot and say I didn't send enough back, really annoying. Because I always had a lot of schoolwork I wasn't able to respond all the time.

When I stayed at her home, I woke up and decided to set the table for us for breakfast. I never knew exactly where everything was so I had to look for something. Meanwhile, her mother was on the phone, and H. sat down next to her. It's rude to eavesdrop, so after I set up the plates I just continued looking for cutlery and bread.

After the phone call was over, she was mad at me and said, "Hey! My grandpa passed out and is now in the emergency room and you don't mind! You're just walking around like a headless chicken!" How could I have known her grandfather was in the emergency room? For years, she continued to complain about this event, and over and over again. She always said I was "walking around like a headless chicken." Very bizarre.

She also suggested that I drop out of college to work. Sorry, but I'm not going to stop working on myself for someone else's wallet. I loved her, but if you love someone you have to support that person, I also fully supported her in her development. She also looked for a coach, in the beginning he seemed to give good advice, but after a while he started to tell all kinds of pseudoscientific nonsense about how souls float around and then arrive in unborn children. So she went to a psychologist instead.

Like everyone, I had doubts about the future, I had already read a book about healthy living and I read books about pregnancy, working in the art project industry and the housing market. H. thought this was terrible for some reason. She kept saying "You can't learn everything from books." This was true, but there were always a lot of important things in books that most people didn't know, or never said for some reason.

I had completed my bachelor's degree, and despite my girlfriend being a year older than me, unfortunately she didn't have a higher degree yet, but I supported her. She then studied to become an orthopedagogy (Remedial education). She studied in the park, near my house. She told me to visit her spontaneously, but I said I didn't know when she had a break, and where she had the break, but she never replied, but then complained again and again that I had to visit her....

She also said that when we want to meet, it was like she had to plan a visit to the dentist. Because I always wanted to know a place, and time and write it in my planner.

I don't understand this, if you want to make an appointment you have to know the time, place and date, right?

She also wanted me to use google calendar, but I said I wanted to keep my privacy, but she kept insisting.

- Warning, this paragraph is about sex -

Our sex had gotten better. We had anal sex sometimes. Not much later, I started rimming her, and we both liked it. With going to Japan I had become more brave. So I went to a sex shop and bought her a vibrator. She also wanted to have sex with me using a strapon.

I bought this, and we used it once, but it was too painful for me then, but that was because I was still inexperienced in that area.

pro tip: buy large bottles of water-based lube, there is never enough lube. Unfortunately I couldn't cum in her vagina, I could only cum through my hand. But I could make her cum. I have Death Grip Syndrome, which is both a blessing and a curse.

When I was with her, it seemed like I was together with a lot of commercials. She always had the radio playing, or the television, so I heard commercials every few minutes which was really annoying. At night it was difficult to sleep with her because she never put her cell phone on silent, so every five minutes the cell phone made noise. In addition, there was that cafe at her house that was making a ruckus, and for some reason she wanted to sleep with the window open....

Her house had also ceased to be a pleasant place. They were bothered by rats and had used poison to kill them. They then had to clean up those dead rats, behind a fridge, were their hole was hidden. They found shrivelled rat corpses covered in red flies. Her house had a strange smell ever since, and they had installed a little machine that drove mice away. So you always heard a strange tapping in the kitchen. Her parents could also be quite sleazy, so they drove far away, to a busy shopping centre and sit there all day doing nothing. "That way they could cool down with the air conditioning." Her brother finally finished his studies, he did programming, and everyone was proud of him. He was allowed to go to work immediately and had a company car. He drove around with this car.... to catch pokémons on his cell phone. The brother was also driving rather fast and dangerously. They also ate a lot of cakes and doughnuts, so all of H.'s family had grown fat, even her brother and sister. They were skinny when I first saw them, but after five years they looked like experienced sumo wrestlers.

Then it was my turn to do teacher training. I had obtained my Bachelor's degree and it was a nice ceremony, H. was there as well. It was pretty boring and didn't really feel like I had reached anything. They just called your name. So yes, I had to do my master's, and someone told me that you didn't have any courses, and I thought it would take two years, instead of one, so that I could do a big project, which was to make a life action full-length film. It was on my bucket list, and I thought why couldn't I try it? Anyway, collaborating with other people, and going to another location turned out to be my weakness. The best I can do is draw, paint and write. For that I just stay inside at ease, if necessary at night when no one disturbs me, and before I know it I made two drawings in one day or I wrote 15 pages in half a month. People also say that I can draw fast and write a lot, A LOT people don't even have the time to read it. So I guess this is my speciality. Yes, two drawings in one day isn't that much and 15 pages in 15 days isn't that much either. But combine that with volunteering, trying to host a meeting for autists, hiking, learning French, learning Russian and visiting friends and lifting weights!

Since I spread my master's degree over two years and there were going to be no courses, I thought I'd do a teacher training course. I had no idea that this was going to be such a difficult year. A friend of mine, whom I had known since high school, had become depressed and had suicidal thoughts. I was afraid I was going to lose him and then go into a depression, causing me to lose H. as well.

This was my nightmare.

We also had neighbours who worked on their house every evening and weekend. There was constant sawing, drilling and our house shook at times. Then there were street works so during the weekdays there was noise in the street with sh!tty music.

There were work going on in the station as well, so trucks drove around at night full of sand, earth and/or rubble. They drove over the speed bump at our door which made our house shudder.

There were a few classes that I had to catch up on that I missed in Japan and I had a lot of schoolwork because of this.

I couldn't sleep at night because the noise drove me crazy. I was an angry obnoxious person at that time who suffered from crying spells.

My girlfriend and parents didn't deserve an angry a-hole like me. I went to the psychologist and he said I had a burnout.

I took my first teacher training exams. They deducted points for the dumbest reasons, like the fact that I was using freeware and not Word. The agreements regarding the classrooms were also unclear, so I was often waiting at the wrong room.

I passed the exams, but at what cost? I had become sad, angry and a nervous creature. We had a short holiday, and H. wanted to go to the beach with me, we cycled around there, we did some shopping and chores. It was an unfamiliar environment and I had to find my way everywhere. So I didn't feel relaxed at all when I got home. I dropped out of the teacher training and didn't go to school for a week, to *Really* relax.

Then I had also discovered Alan Watts with his 'Eastern Wisdom and Modern Life' series from 1960.

This helped me a lot. I wondered, why did I have to worry all the time? Does money have value? And should people have a job if they are so unhappy because of this?

They were exams for me and at that time my town held the local festivities. They had turned it into a music festival this time. The whole centre of the city was full of podiums, and you couldn't go there because of the noise, even at the station it was very loud. There were several stages with sleazy music being played in one big cacophony. I heard it at home, and when I went to the park. 24/7 I couldn't even sleep, I could hear it through my walls and earplugs. The unemployed could party all night while hard working people couldn't even sleep. I called the police, but "they had permission". A city can do this, but if I make such a ruckus I will immediately go to jail!

It was clear, society has a lot of good things, but in the end they don't care about us. There is no point in 'working hard' or 'doing your best' you will never be rewarded and you will be opposed in all kinds of ways, such as noise pollution. A lot of people had complained. Lucky for us next time it was local festival, it was back like before: less loud, only a party in the centre and with a cosy flea market.

I had my Bachelor degree and was going to get my degree for Master in art project, but I didn't take it seriously anymore, I took a lot of things not serious anymore. This made me worry a lot less, which saved me a lot of mental energy. I could only do what I could, and if that wasn't good enough, that's not my problem.

Meanwhile, H. continued to do orthopedagogy, but she complained that her fellow students were too childish. H. also suggested that I get myself spayed, but the thought of a doctor tying my balls into a knot hurts and I just don't want to. Now, being a trans woman, I still don't want any hormones or surgery to get rid of my thing. I just find those thoughts too scary.

Meanwhile, there was hardly any sex in our relationship. Every time I had to go to family gatherings and I would think: "Well it's really long, boring and tiring but at least I'll have sex tonight! But nothing happened. H. said she was too tired. I thought to myself, well if she really needs it, she'll come to me house by her car and we'll do it then.

Sometimes I cycled to her house. Since the train and bus made such a big detour, it took me just as long with that bike. It was hard cycling uphill, but I did it for her. However, she never saw the romance of it and didn't like that I had to shower at her house.

I knew she wanted to get married, and that didn't matter much to me. We went to Ostend together to visit a place from her past. There was a big tower there, we went up the stairs. I got down on one knee and opened a box with a ring in it. I said: 'I know you've had great memories here, and I wonder if you'd like to experience more great memories with me. My love, will you marry me?' She said 'Yes'. I still find it weird to realize that I was once engaged. The marriage was not going to be immediate, I focused on my studies, she and I had to graduate first, fine.

INTERMEZZO I. Beppy goes to Syria

I don't know if this was obvious, but Beppy, Paul and I were at the same school. Paul told me about how Beppy had fled to the Middle East. He showed a newspaper article, only her first name was used, and a photo of her, with her eyes censored. But you could clearly see it was her. We were now 5 years further and she had turned 18 and already had a child that was a few months old. A man, possibly a "freedom fighter" or Muslim extremist wanted to be her husband and had told her all sorts of lies. She was convinced and went to Syria. Didn't she know there was a war there? She arrived there and saw the appalling conditions, and fled back to Belgium. The writer of the article had interviewed her. She wanted to remain anonymous but said 'What I saw there was not what I was told and promised, I left as soon as I could.' In the meantime she lives by the sea, and had three more children, she now has four children.

It was so strange, when I met her in 201X, she had learned Arabic. She was a Muslim and had already mentioned that she was going to another country to meet her online friends. I had no idea it was about Syria. Were they radicalizing here then? Was she already radicalized then?

22./42 H, along love part 4: Berlin and Almost dead

Warning: sexually explicit text, reference to death

We had been to Berlin together. It was beautiful, and we had a lot of fun. But the first day I got there I was sick. I wanted to stay inside and rest the first day, but she didn't agree. I felt dizzy and yet I had to go with her to everything, and then she started complaining again that I 'didn't say anything'.

Back in Belgium she often told how she was viewed by other men, some even said things like: 'If I could I would give you so much love.' I was a little jealous. I was always rejected, while the men just came after her.

She started to complain more and more about things. I once had to buy chocolate for her mother, but it had to be sugar-free. So, I bought sugar-free chocolate, but her mom doesn't like that, so I bought sugar-free chocolate from someone other brand, but that wasn't good either, so I had to buy chocolate with sugar from that one brand. It was a long foolish hassle.

Another thing she often said was that I was spoiled. What did she even mean by that? I had bought my computer and mobile phone with my own pocket money, for which I had done holiday jobs. While she also had a computer and cell phone, and her family owned FOUR cars. FOUR CARS. One for her mother, one for her father, and her brother had a car, but then got a company car. H. then got that second-hand car from her brother. Okay, so three cars. But still, three cars? My family always had only one. I had worked hard for my Bachelor's degree and was busy for my Master's. I didn't feel the need to travel far or go to a restaurant. I really don't get where she got this idea from.

Her friendship with Josefiën had come to an end, and she was having a really hard time dealing with it. She kept talking about it for months. Sure, losing people can hurt. But it was, just kinda weird. I also had a lot of old friendships that have faded. Why was this so bad? I was there for her, and I supported her. Even now I hope she is happy. I also had a sleeping problem all my life, which often made me tired with her. She does have a point, although there's not much I can do about it.

She also liked to ask rhetorical questions. Like "How do you think I feel about that?" and then I said "You're right." I understood what she wanted to say, but then after a while she suddenly said "You still haven't answered my question!"

We had dinner together with her family and I talked about how healthy eating is actually a good investment, something I had read. You buy some sports equipment and food that seems expensive at first glance, such as whole wheat bread, nuts, fruits and vegetables, but you save a lot of future hospital costs. While I was talking, her mother went to the bathroom for a moment, while her father listened with a smile. Afterwards my girlfriend was angry with me. For some reason, her mother was offended by this and had started crying in the toilet. Poor woman, this was not my intention at all!

She also often asked if I wanted to meet her and her friends, but she never said what time it was, where it was, and how to get there. Was she going to take me by car or did she want me to take the train?

In the meantime I had read about spices, they are healthy, especially if you use different spices. I often put spices on my food, chicken spices, turmeric, pepper, cinnamon in my yogurt, and so on. She told me not to do this because it was rude. She was a really weird girl.

Sometimes I would share something interesting that I'd heard or read, even things I'd learned for college, and she'd often say, "You're wasting your time learning about everything." And sometimes her family would say "How do you know that?" like it was weird to know things. In retrospect, this was a great compliment. Most people play four hours a day games or watch stupid series, but I like learning things more. And if I know so much that it's even 'weird', well then I'm doing a good job. I may be weird, but at least I know a lot. I'm not smart though, just curious.

She also complained that I drank too much water. "You should only drink when you are thirsty." And so did I. She said that my water consumption was unhealthy and that if I ended up in the hospital because of this she would not help me. As if I drank ten litres of water one after the other. Really bizarre. She said I drank too much water and ate too much chocolate, but she was the one who was overweight and drank soda constantly.

We also had a near death experience. H., Paul and I went to the Hare Krishnas in Durbuy. H. took us by car on the way there, she had to take a bend, along the highway, and it had just rained. The car slipped. I held on and felt my body rushing with adrenaline. I closed my eyes. I was scared, but all I could do was let it happen. The car came to a stop. The car was in the grass, half in the bushes. Luckily we didn't hit a single tree. We were all okay, all three of us. H. was very responsible then, because she drove back a bit, turned and drove on.

People were honking and yelling like we did it on purpose, just for fun. We drove on and arrived in Durbuy. H. and Paul were playing cards and I said we should leave now, for the tour.

"Ah, google maps says it's only a half hour walk." I said: 'Yes, but you can count on that double, since we are not walking fast and will probably take a wrong road'.

They didn't believe me, and continued to play. We left, took a wrong turn, and walked below the 'google maps speed'. We were late for the tour...which I found very unfortunate, I wondered how the Hare Krishna's lived and what they believed in.

We slept together in a rented house. H. and I together, and Paul in another room. I had, as a joke but actually serious, suggested a threesome, but they both thought it was very, very foul. To each their own. I don't even know if H. and I had sex then, our relationship was going downhill.

I always said I wanted to make art, I have so many stories in my head that I want to tell. We were both creative, so we understood this at the beginning. I wanted to work part-time and be an artist part-time. Later, however, J. complained that this was unrealistic. She'd say things like "I'm going to be turning jars at the factory while you can be the lazy artist." and "What are we going to eat then?" Sorry but food is not that expensive, and in Belgium the poor are assisted very well.

They usually get food and shelter, in addition there are many edible plants such as dandelions, clovers, daisies and nettles. If necessary, you can catch a few pigeons and insects for protein. You might think I'm joking, but these are weird times these days, so you never know when we're going to have to live off nature.

Whenever she felt bad she would message me and I had to reply IMMEDIATELY. I loved her, and of course I don't want her to be sad. But I felt like a court jester, whenever she felt bad or bored, I had to do a show and send messages. She had a lot of friends, so I don't understand why she didn't send them if there was something wrong. I was there for her, but I couldn't drop everything for her every five seconds and message her for half an hour.

She was also always mad because I hadn't gotten my driver's license yet. She hated that "she had to drive that far" when she came to me. While it was very long for me to go there by train. I didn't have time to get my driver's license because of all the schoolwork. But that's why she kept calling me lazy.

Throughout our relationship, we had the habit of skyping or chatting in the evenings. But her internet was bad, so it was a hassle to get it right. But usually we did something else in the meantime, she played pokémon and I watched a series, or worked for school. At the end of the relationship we almost always argued, I don't even remember why. It was then 10pm or 11pm and I had to wake up in time for school. So I said several times that I was going to sleep, but she just wanted to argue. So I just went offline and went to sleep. She would then complain "Ah you think that's normal, we discuss something and you just say "goodnight" and go to sleep!" What did she want me to do? Fight all night?

She always said "I have to adapt to you, but you don't return anything." I didn't even know how she adapted to me, and didn't even dare to ask anymore.

What she also often said: "My grandma and grandpa sometimes come to visit and ask where you are. How should I feel about that?" Who cares what two elderly people say? And now I suddenly had to live with her and her family all day? I did not get it.

In the end, I had to lie a lot to survive this relationship, and to make sure I had enough time for my schoolwork. In hindsight, we should have broken up long ago. But we were both desperate, unsure.

I often have to go to the toilet, I've been like that all my life. But H. didn't understand that exactly and found it irritating, and she's the only one in my life who found that so annoying. So then I started saying I had diarrhoea, something she often suffered from. So then she acted normal about it.

As I said, there were always a lot of family gatherings with her, and they were extremely long, either from 1pm to 8pm or from 5pm to 2am past midnight. For example, I had to escape by saying I had a stomachache, or that I had to be home at 6 pm because my parents had made fries, and had agreed to eat dinner together, etc... Hardly anything was said during the celebrations. Grandpa sometimes talked about the past and his life, that was interesting, but that was it. They always started smoking next to me, inside, very healthy, delicious! The party was so boring that they looked at someone parking a car, to see if he would hit the mirror of the car next to him. I suspect that family had an exciting life. All you could do against the boredom was eat, eat and eat. Cakes and biscuits, very healthy. I had finally adapted and tried to dance along, I tried to let go of all my irritations, H. liked that, but it was too late.

Because she was often jealous of Paul, I sometimes didn't tell her I met Paul. Something she often did was playfully take my cell phone. She did this once and saw that I had arranged a meet with Paul. She literally cried. I liked her, and I didn't like it when she felt bad. She said "Am I such a monster that you have to hide this from me?"

In retrospect, maybe yes. I'm just platonic friends with him, we don't even have sex, why is she so jealous?

She wanted to see me so often, and I had so much schoolwork that last year, so I lied that I had to go to school on Wednesdays even when there was no class.

23./42 H, a long love part 5: Almost Cheating and The Last Feast

Warning: sexually explicit text, paedophilia

My train once had a breakdown, so I had to get off at a stop between REDACTED TOWN and my home city. So I thought I'd have a drink, as I had to wait for my next train. I was looking for the least sleazy cafe. I went to the cafe which was the quietest, but actually it was the most soundproof cafe as there was tremendously loud music as soon as I opened the door. I went to the toilet and wanted to order a coffee. A dancing man motioned for me to sit next to a woman. She was in her 30s, maybe even in her early 40s.

We chatted for a bit, but she started saying all sorts of weird things like: My "girlfriend wasn't any good" and I "needed an older girl" that I "looked mature for my age." She tried get in my pants, but did she have bad intentions? Was she after my money? Because she said she used men. I was completely confused, the temptation was great, but I had to stay true to H. I finished my coffee and left immediately. On the train, I realized I had forgotten to pay. But I dared not go back, what is she seduced me?

I told this to H. and she was offended by that woman.

Her brother liked to drive his company car, and he drove very fast, and did not distance himself from vehicles before him.

One night, a car in front of him suddenly braked. As a result, he had to swerve and ran over a man who had gone for a walk with friends.

The brother got out to help the man, but one group of friends wanted to beat him up, while the other group of friends stopped them.

Someone called an ambulance and the man was taken to hospital with serious injuries.

The brother saw this event playing in his head over and over again and suffered from nightmares. I suggested that maybe he could see a psychologist as this sounded like trauma, but H. said this was a waste of money.

The last family party was pure hell. They had found some dumb reason to celebrate. Her aunt was with her boyfriend for a year.

They had rented an entire hall for that to celebrate, where did they even get the money from? I had to be there until 2 am,

because until then there was food. "Leaving early was rude because aunt had paid for the food." You could barely talk because

of the loud music. I sat there with a stroboscope light in my eyes, it was very annoying, so I went outside regularly.

Which H. didn't like. One of the family members had a new lover, everyone talked about it, because she was Hot Marijke.

A sex worker who had become famous on television. I suspect she was a lawyer to make sexuality more open to discussion.

The brother was talking to an uncle, and at one point he touched his nose quite conspicuously. He and the uncle would then quickly walk to the toilet. Touching your nose is code for cocaine.

The aunt and her boyfriend had made a special video. It was a slide-show of the aunt and her boyfriend growing up apart from baby to adult. It took so long, and it was so boring, while the uncle tried to make silly jokes with his microphone.

In the end, the aunt and uncle were adults in the photos. I was happy and saw the light at the end of the tunnel.

But no, instead of time passing by, more and more photos from the same period were shown.

It was like that nightmare where you want to run away, but you just go slower, and slower.

At the party, the most disgusting song in the world was played "She is only sixteen years old" in which a man sings in a West Flemish dialect with a big accent about how he lusts after a 16-year-old girl, but then decides to drool on her mother because she is an adult.

I *HATED* this song. If someone said something like that, they would immediately be sent to jail, but for some reason that song had become a hit. At that moment I went out, I walked around for five minutes, I hoping it was over, but I came back and was greeted by the whole family going wild, with elderly twerking aunts, to a remix of the "she is only 16 years old" song.

It was past noon and I lied to H. that I had a stomachache. I could relax in her car and I did some reading. I longed to have my own driver's license so I could leave whenever I wanted or when I was too tired. I tried to complain as little as possible, I didn't want to lose her. But she complained about how I went to toilet and outside too often.

We also were going to meet up with her friends. Her friend 'John' had created a facebook event for it. The location was in 'The Wine Chatteau'. I didn't know where that was at all. I asked my love how I could get there but she never answered, finally she said ask him. I asked him but John never replied either. Finally I said to her: "Look, if I don't know where it is, you can't expect me to be there." I always like to plan how I'm going to get somewhere.

She always talked about Robbe, and how cool he was, and how they played Facebook games together. Facebook games.....

It was a silly quiz where you basically gave away all your personal information. She wanted me to play those games with her too.

I didn't have time for it, and I Facebook was already stealing more than enough information from us.

For a moment I thought our relationship was getting better. That she appreciated that I went to the party and danced along.

She complained less and there was no arguing until one night. We were arguing again, I don't even remember about what, it was late so I said 'goodnight and went to sleep. As always I put my cell phone on air-plane mode. That way I don't wake up when a friend sends me a message at 12 am, and that way I don't get bothered at 4 am by e-mails from the USA and such. Recently, I always set my cell phone to "Do not disturb." I continue to use my cell phone, but I'm never bothered by it from advertisers etc. Wonderful.

Anyway, I forgot to put my cell phone on air-plane mode, and I got a call from her at 1am. She was upset and crying. "I don't know what to do anymore." she said. 'I also do not know it.' I said surprised. I tried to comfort her. We were talking about living alone. She said ironically, full of venom "Yeah if we live together that would be easy, wouldn't it." I really don't understand what this was all about, so I just said, "Yes." I tried to comfort her further and I said "We are both very tired, we need sleep, we will discuss this tomorrow okay?" I laid down. And put my cell phone on air-plane mode.

It's true at night you are exhausted, both mentally and physically, small problems suddenly seem like giant monsters, that's why many people suffer from insomnia. The problems are swirling in their heads, asking for a solution, when you have to think about things during the day, while taking a walk or doing chores, not when you are exhausted, without a clear mind. The worst part was that she would call Paul out of bed. Jesus...

I was afraid of losing her. We were together for 5 years. I knew I had autism and was weird, was I ever going to be able to find someone like her? Someone who accepted me for who I was? Or was I doomed to be lonely? Depressed full of loneliness or worse, a rapist? These were my toxic thoughts.

I thought one day she would see how she worried about nothing, that all her ideas of "how everything should be" were just arbitrary nonsense standards that her family had imposed on her and which she had imposed on herself. I thought she was finally going to let go of all her complaints and frustrations, but instead she dropped me.

She sent an ominous message "We need to talk." This came in like a bomb. We agreed.

It was September 19, 201X.

She was parked not far from my house. I sent the Evangelion quote "You are worthy of my grace, it means I love you." Evangelion was the thing that connected us first. So it seemed good to end with that.

I got in the car and she didn't know where the quote came from, or what I meant by it. She gave me a letter, she said it was hard to put into words so, she wrote a letter. It was full of her lamentations again, I still have it somewhere, though I don't know where. She said she broke up with me. I was a sweet boy, she said, but she couldn't anymore. She hoped the best for me. I accepted it, it was what it was, and I couldn't force her to stay in a relationship. She also said, "You can try tinder now." it was weird that she said this, but hey, she set me free, and I saw this as permission to experience free love.

I had to redo my year, but it was only my paper that I had to redo. So I finally had a year with a lot of time. Plenty of time for H. but it was too late. Now I know she was right, she needs a man who can work hard and earn some money, which I couldn't do, I was a dreamer, a thinker, a writer, a woman.

24./42 A New Beginning

Warning: sexually explicit text

But I still had a lot of time. I was around 24, but hadn't done many things that many had already done: exploring the nightlife. I was going to see things that others would never have seen in their entire lives. From now, September 201X and January 201X, I started to grow and I experience a lot in a short time. Five years, I was loyal to H. I thought I was a good boy, but I was like a butterfly caught in a jar. Like a bonsai tree, in a small flower pot, a bonsai that wanted to grow into a real tree. I had never dared to go to a party, I was afraid of getting beaten up. Plus, as I saw in the movies, this was a place where women danced half naked, and people kissed, grinding against each other. I was with H. so it was not wise for me to go to a party.

On the one hand I was angry, I was alone and she had Robbe, and a lot of men who were interested in her. I figured it out, I thought: "She's just doing it with Robbe now, while I'm alone." She still wanted to give my mother a present it was her birthday then, It was an ostrich egg, with a drawing of her on it. I really didn't need to have a memento of H. in my living room, and be reminded of her every day. Maybe this was childish of me, maybe I should have discussed it better with my mom. I should have asked mom to put it somewhere I wouldn't see it.

But I put the egg in a plastic bag and broke it into a thousand pieces, all the years of anger, squeezed together in one point.

What. A. Catharsis.

I threw it away in a public trash can.

I biked once a week and walked to the park just about every day. I had also started lifting weights, I started very small with two weights of 2 kilos. H. had borrowed a weight from me so she could practice her shoulder, but decided to return it. So, we agreed to meet, just, to give the weight back.

So she could find me I sent pictures of where I sat and the coordinates through google maps. She didn't realize she had to open it with google maps and said dryly 'I don't read coordinates'. Finally I saw her pass, looking for me. She looked like a sad ghost, dressed all in black. I went to her and we chatted for a bit. At one point I had to go to the toilet. When I said that, she felt insulted. There is no toilet in the park so I did it against the bushes. Then we spoke some more. I asked "How are you and Robbe?" "What kind of person do you think I am?" she said angrily. "It's possible?" I said with a shrug.

Again, I made the mistake of thinking that everyone is like me. At first I was sad, as soon as I got the message 'We need to talk'. I knew what to expect, so I started to process it. In the end I felt like I had more energy. A weight had fallen from my shoulders. She used to comment so much, and there was always arguing, and now all this was gone. At the end of the relationship I tried to ignore the comments because I didn't know what to do with it anymore. I tried not to care, but still, it drained my energy. And now all this was gone. I was free. I even noticed that I could remember things better, it was really weird. I realized that H. always complained about other people, how unsociable they were, and that she was often lonely. But maybe the unsociable person was her all along? Because she always complained about others, and felt easily irritated, and others saw this.

I thought, life is short, so a week after September 19, just started messaging all the women I knew. Girls from my class etc. I didn't have much school work so before I had a job I now had time to find someone. It had been 5 years since I was single, I was an adult AND now you had dating apps. I was told two different views: Either women were extremely mean to you, or if you were good you could have a whole lot of sex with those new apps, much to the hatred of all the prudish boring conservatives. Plus, if someone wanted to see me too much, I could say I had to go to school those days, when I had no more classes. I thought I could give "free love" a chance. Friends with benefits. Maybe I could find one or two women. In case one connection was over, I still had another woman. Plus, it wasn't a relationship, so it wasn't too exhausting. I didn't know people stopped using the word 'love' in this way.

I immediately started my lovequest. And as I said I messaged a lot of girls I knew through facebook. I know, a little cringey, but why not? Some were a bit confused. They said to me 'We have not spoken in 5 years and now you're suddenly messaging me!' It was like a slap in the face. For five years I spent all my time on H. and all her friends had become my friends. My classmates were all graduated. I. Was. Alone.

Luckily I had four more friends, they were just four guys, but I knew the importance of friends, besides my quest. E., B., Q., and Paul. I told them everything. I also told my psychologist everything.

One of the girls I contacted was Rosa, a pretty thin woman with red hair. She used to be a friend of H. *Used to be.* Hence we knew each other. I wasn't going to try to go out with J's friends. That was going to be rude, and weird, but Rosa had lost contact with H. so I thought "Why not?". We both loved Evangelion, and we both had ADD. We had arranged to meet at a convention in REDACTED (It's like comic-con but in Belgium). There was one problem: H. was going to be there too. So I thought of going in cosplay. This was around October. I had especially bought a mask in the shape of a diamond, which covered my whole face and another bag-pack. It was my character and I had even made up a story about him, his head was cursed by a villainous wizard whom killed his parents, so he was looking for the wizard for revenge. That's how I tried to impress Rosa, and that's how H. would not recognize me. I didn't want to make H. jealous. Still, I didn't want to upset H. so I sent H. a message that I was going to be at the convention. I went to the convention and saw Rosa, just for a moment, because she was meeting with other friends. I gave Rosa a drawing of Nightvale, something she liked to listen to. She wanted to read *The Men That Fell to Earth*, I had a copy with Bowie's face on it. A nice drawing, so I gave it to her too. Again, I wanted to impress her. We ate together, so I took off my mask. Unfortunately H. had seen us. She sat down and we chatted for a bit. It was very, very awkward. H. suddenly realized that I had a crush on Rosa, she kindly said goodbye, and left. Rosa and I chatted a little further. Finally, Rosa went back to her friends. I felt a bit alone then and went back home. H. messaged 'Sorry to join you, it was kind of weird.' I sent back 'It was indeed quite strange.'

I still sent her messages back then to see if everything was okay with her, I didn't want to ignore her because it was over, we had promised to stay friends. But she said: 'I don't want to send anything anymore, it's still too difficult for me.' I respected this. Facebook didn't go fast enough for me, the goal there is friendship, not dating. So pretty soon I had been using a few dating apps. I had read that dating apps were superficial and purely for sex, so it was a bit of a surprise that there were a lot of women out there looking for a steady relationship, getting married or even having children. I thought, at first, those people are so superficial that they don't even realize that dating apps are made for sex, not committed relationships.

The reality is, if you are looking for a date dating apps work, in combination with going to a cafe, or getting to know people through hobby clubs (in real life) it does not matter who or what you are looking for.

It is best to be honest about who you are and who and what you are looking for, otherwise you and the others will be disappointed. Dating sites do steal your personal info, so that's a bit less....nice.

Full of courage, I spent some time every day on dating apps. While I was watching a series, or writing my thesis, I chatted with women. Many simply blocked me, or ignored me. I wasn't used to that then, so that was always a bit of a slap in my face. One said she was depressed. Another sent messages in a West Flemish dialect WITH abbreviations. (Most West Flemish people I know don't send messages in dialect, although some abbreviations are used and we don't speak Dutch correctly either.) But those messages! It was even easier to decipher millennia old cuneiform writing than understanding her messages. Whenever I said that I am quite pragmatic in life, or that I was not monogamous, people had absolutely no idea what I meant. Most of them also lived far away, past Antwerp, or in France, and my French wasn't that good back then.... Or they lived in villages that were difficult to reach by public transport.

There was one woman who played soccer. Let's call her the 'football woman'. She was one of the only ones who answered, typing intelligibly. I also honestly said that I was looking for 'friends with benefits'. We arranged to meet at Walle, not far from the Blauwhoeve. I let a few friends know, just in case it wasn't a woman but someone who wanted to kidnap me or something. This worked on Paul's nerves. I was already looking forward to it. I sent my messages about how we would frolic together in the grass after football. Or how we could have sex in her car, they were fantasies.

I was afraid I wouldn't be able to keep up with her football talent, so I decided to walk for an hour, with my weights, let's say there were a lot of walking breaks. Finally I thought of being very romantic so I sent her a sentence from Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*: 'You are the light of my life, the fire of my loins, my sin, my soul.' I didn't realize this was creepy, and she just ignored me ever since. Again, I was not used to dating sites, and I was desperate at the time, so I was indeed quite sad at the time. The date we agreed was getting closer and closer, and she remained silent. In the end I told her that she was probably going to ghost me, so she didn't have to come anymore.

I used to have a friend I wanted to meet up with, once we made an appointment he didn't send anything. I always arrived on time, and I waited an hour (luckily I could study or I had a book with me) when it was clear that he was not coming, I went home. At school he would say 'Oh, I completely forgot!' That's what happens when you don't keep a planner. So now I was pretty sure she wasn't going to come.

In addition, there was the Rock girl. We agreed to meet, I thought it was going to be just the two of us, but there were a lot of other people there. It was just a whole Heavy Metal meet up! Well, I understand, you're dating a stranger off the internet, so you want to play it safe. What really surprised me was that she was so conservative. She was dressed in all dark and wore a collar with spikes, but she wanted to get married and have a child before she was 26! It wasn't going to work because I wanted to be free. I wasn't mentally mature then, so I started crying, I missed her. So I "realized" that if I was crying for her, I must be in love. We were going to give it a chance, but in the end we sent less, and our connection disappeared. I had met someone else. I met someone who was going to change my life forever, she was going to turn my whole life upside down. Her name was:

25./42 Myrtille

The following text contains references to drugs, self-injury, eating disorders, and sexual assault. Feel free to skip this part. I was looking everywhere for someone.

Even at REDACTED ART-SCHOOL, my school. I chatted with girls, if they felt like it. It was late October 201X. There was one girl, she always seemed shy, she didn't say much. But she was alternative. She also wore cool clothes, she had long blue dyed hair. She spoke English with an accent, she was a Swedish Erasmus student (an exchange student). She was looking for fake eyes for her art project, and I still had some lying around because I had also done a stop motion project. The next day, I gave it to her. We went shopping together. She bought clothes, and I was looking for a present for my mother's birthday. She always said I was creepy, but she said it teasingly. She often called me "sucker." Sigh, it I liked that. I do miss her, but it is what it is. I waited at the locker room as she was in a changing room, she pushed the cloth aside and asked if she was looking good in the new shirt. She was beautiful, and

she had big breasts, something she always seemed to hide with her other attire. She was also tall, taller than me. I don't know if we were met again later, or if we had sex that same night, so much happened, and it all happened so fast. Whenever it was, she talked about her past. Her parents were very Christian. They always made comments about her eating habits that had caused her to develop an eating disorder, but that disorder was gone, thankfully. She loved to skate, she chased kicks and wasn't afraid to take risks. Because of her skating she had very nice strong legs.

She also had a boyfriend, but she was on Tinder and already had sex with other men. She said: 'This way I can learn a lot, and what I learn, I can then share with my boyfriend.' She also went to the meeting for Non-Conformists in REDACTED TOWN. Because they had free food there. She said that at one of the meetings the members there just injected speed and smoked weed. I asked if they were acting weird.

And she said no. I wondered what the point of drugs is if you don't experience any change in consciousness. Anyway. Weed is okay, but don't do speed, it can really destroy you. I can't say much about it myself, I have no experience with drugs. She said she wanted to make an animated film in which a man ate a rabbit out of love. I said to her 'I would eat you out of love.' Whenever I complimented her, or made it clear that I wanted something more, she would tilt her head back, blink repeatedly, and laugh.

Anyway, I went to visit her room. I asked her if it was a good idea, I didn't want to be a bad person by cheating on her boyfriend. But she said it wasn't a big deal. I thought, people need sex, and I hadn't had sex in over a month. We entered her place. It was a small apartment but cosy. It was a bit messy, and there were drawings from her on the wall. She also had LED flashing lights on the wall, which she thought was romantic. We were outside, she was smoking weed and suddenly she started French kissing me. Before we knew it we were in her bed having sex. She even deepthroated me! My whole member went down her throat! It was amazing. She pulled my hair, and we did different positions. It was very different from H. Myrtille's vagina, also tasted nice unlike H. We fell asleep in each other's arms, I can still see her face before me, her mouth open, cutely drooling on her pillow.

Sometimes I was woken up by the boiler making noise. But I was glad she put her cell phone on silent each night. Nothing and nobody bothered us. We woke up and chatted for a bit. She always wore long sleeves, but now I saw the scratches on her arms. All white lines, one scar left her elbow, and went, on the inside of her arm, past her wrist, over her wrist. I asked if she 'wanted to leave'. She said she didn't know what she wanted.

We met a few times. She sent that she was cold. I wondered if she was sick, and suggested she should see a doctor, but she said 'No'. It took me a while to realize that this was her way of asking for sex. And she was cold too. Cold in her heart. I was so glad I found her. Finally a free-spirited woman, a woman who understood that all the prudishness of "waiting" and "monogamy" was just bullshit, things our culture imposed on us for no reason at all, because some people, thousands of years ago, wrote it in the Old Testament that 'it should be like that'. We both knew what we wanted, and we didn't beat around the bush. She was a woman so maybe she could tell me how to meet other women through dating apps because that wasn't an easy thing to do.

I still had this toxic thought, that there was some kind of code, a way of doing things, that you could suddenly be successful with women. We ate together, went to a drawing evening at REDACTED ART-SCHOOL together, and watched movies together. She said that the REDACTED ART-SCHOOL was a neutral ground. On the drawing evening (and event where people draw together), we pretended we didn't know each other. She had made a drawing in my book. Sometimes I wonder if she really existed, she sounded just too good to be true, but that drawing is the proof, and so is her online presence, unless I'm really completely insane....

We had a lot of sex. I accidentally became her booty call, as soon as she said she was cold, I dropped everything, and went straight to REDACTED TOWN. Sometimes I had no energy to go, I had no classes, but I had to write my paper. She would then say 'Ah, we only see each other when it suits you'. Then when I was with her we made love a lot, twice before going to sleep and when we woke up. I fucked her for so long, I asked 'Did you come yet?' but she didn't answer. She just said 'Louder!' and 'deeper!'. While she watched a long-haired rock star sing on her iPad. It was The Sisters of Mercy with the song 'More'. "I want more!" the man sang as I fucked her very hard. "And I need all the love I can get!" they sang! My death grip was a huge advantage. I couldn't cum unless I used my hand, my cock remained stiff so I could continue to please her. The next morning I lay next to her and said 'I love you'. She said 'Oh, that's dangerous.' I didn't understand this yet and explained it to her thoughts. "Love for me is a feeling of warmth, I don't want to have cold-blooded sex without love." She put on some music, it was 'The Cure' with the song 'Friday I'm In Love'. She said to me 'Every time you hear this song you will think of me'. Oh, and how often I think of you, my dear, rebellious Myrtille. I really hope you are happy wherever you are and whatever you are doing.

INTERMEZZO II

I was friends with Q. He told me that he had found J. through facebook. J. turned out to be living in New Zealand now. And she actually turned out to be a him. He had discovered that he was a man, a trans man. His facebook was filled with beautiful photos of him in the mountains of New Zealand. He looked happy, and he deserves it. Q. was apparently still a bit in love with him, and I don't know how I still felt with J. I wondered how J. was doing. Q. wanted me to talk to him so he could talk to J. through me. J. had accepted my friend request, which was a good sign. I asked if she still recognized me from high school. Her boyfriend replied in English. He said he was going to be frank with me. He said that J. was now having a mental breakdown. Did I cause it? He said J. didn't want anything to do with me and his past anymore. So I apologized. I said I didn't understand, but I respected it and was going to leave her alone. I saw that I had mistakenly said 'her'!!! Sh*t!
I corrected myself and was immediately blocked by her boyfriend. It is what it is.
I hope he is happy and I will never approach him again. I told Q. but I don't know how he felt about it.

J. will be back!

26./42 Whipped Twenty-Six Times

The following text contains references to SM, eating disorders, self harm, and sexual assault. Feel free to skip this part.

I went to my psychologist and told a lot about Myrtille. The psychologist was happy for me, we both didn't know what was going to happen. The roller-coaster was at its peak, and soon went down into the darkness. The psychologist left on vacation and wished me the best of luck with Myrtille.

Myrtille sent me messages. She told me she was whipped 26 times. I was shocked for a moment. I asked if everything was okay with her, and she said it was okay. She sent me an online BDSM (sado-masochism) test to see what kink's (fetishes) I had. She said I should do the test. It was a little weird. Until now, SM was something I had only seen online. I then watched such videos, and found it quite exciting. They were women who were tied up, with permission, and got spoiled with sex toys that were used on them. There was even one woman who used a large staple machine and stapled her own tits!
Sometimes I feared that the women, didn't like it, but once the 'session' was over, they had a smile on their faces and said they really liked it.

Myrtille sent me about fetlife, and I immediately created an account on it. One part of me was scared, another exited.
Was it full of men there who wanted to stuff chair legs up my bum OR was it full of free-spirited women I could have sex with?

I knew what I had to do: I had to learn about BDSM! I thought everyone there was having sex with everyone. I was on fetlife, and it was a bit different what I saw there. The things which always had been hidden in the depths of my internet history, just happened in West Flanders. I saw photos of beautiful women, but also of fat 60-year-old men and women, who whipped each other or were tied to all kinds of torture devices. Normal looking people doing kinky things.
What I felt was a thrill, a mixture of fear and interest. In addition, I saw a huge, huge amount of new words. So, I still had a lot to learn.

I went to a BDSM talking evening in REDACTED TOWN to see how it would make me feel. It was a day that I discovered a lot about myself

so I remember it well, it was November 26, 201X. It was held in a restaurant that lent spaces to all kinds of different groups. Those groups could be companies, or fandom's, it didn't matter. The restaurant noticed that we were constantly chatting about sex and called us 'the crazy sex people.' We didn't disturb anyone though, and we ordered a lot of drinks and food. It took some getting used to the group. I was afraid it was going to be full of fat nerds, but there were different kinds of people. Most were normally dressed. Some were gothic, there were also many trans people. I suspect this is because trans people are more open minded. You have to have an open mind to discover that you might have a different gender than the one you were born with. And you have to have an open mind to realize that you are into BDSM. So yes, at the meet I tried to flirt with girls, I was still desperate.
I also had to cry, because I felt that I had finally found my place. One half thought this was strange, the other half understood.

Myrtille talked about her experience. She had met a guy on Tinder who was into BDSM and he wanted to show it to her. They had agreed to meet at her room at a certain hour. The boy came too early, and she wasn't home. He sent her: 'For every minute you're late, you get an extra lash!' She jumped on her bicycle and immediately rushed to her room. There she was whipped 26 times, which she had to count herself. It hurt, but after that they had hugs and sex, which she described as very warm and loving. He had shown her fetlife. He said he had a place in Portugal, where women could get 'slutty training' for a whole week. Myrtille could then have sex for a whole week in a basement, tied up and whipped. My stomach turned when I heard this. I said, 'Wow, this sounds really dangerous. I think you better not go. And if you go, take someone with you and make sure you have a plan B to get out.'
In retrospect, this was good advice. When I looked up slutty training, it turns out it doesn't really exist. People can just make up a slutty workout. It's a term that can be misused, to abuse women. I read that slutty training is totally not expected within the BDSM community. Being into kinky things is an orientation, nothing more, nothing less. If you want to do 'slutty training', discuss carefully what you mean by this, what you want, and what you do not want.

Myrtille said she told all this to her Swedish boyfriend. They were now in an open relationship. I was happy for them. They had sex via skype, while Myrtille had decorated her body with rope. At the meet there was also a cross-dresser, a boy who dressed in women's clothes. He was extremely handsome. It's actually through meeting him, and others, that I started exploring my own gender, and discovered that I was a woman.

After the meet, Myrtille and I had sex. She stuck her finger up my nose, she knew I got nosebleeds easily and she wanted to trigger one. She said she was into blood-play. During sex she scratched my back, and I did the same back to her. We had so much sex. I was tired and layed on my back ready to sleep. But she would crawl on me and then fuck me hard, she moved rapidly like a mating bunny, she whispered to herself as this happened.

And in case you're wondering, we always used a condom. Safety is important to me and Myrtille. Her parents had left her with a fear of pregnancy because she wanted to study and her Christian parents said 'If you get pregnant you have to keep it'.

The next morning she was in the shower for a very long time, and then she came to me, sat on me with her beautiful behind in my face. She knew I loved rimming. I was positively surprised, with my ex it took years before I dared to ask this. And even then, H. thought it was strange. I happily rimmed Myrtille with much gusto, and came. Then, I brushed my teeth well, she taught me a little bondage, she showed me some knots. She had ordered rope right after she met the BDSM boy.

She went immediately to bondage workshops. She told me that she let her body hang on rope, suspension, but when she did that she became nauseous. I was amazed that she could do all this while having a lot of sex, taking classes, studying, animating and partying. I'm a person with autism, so I'm slower in everything I do. Afterwards it turned out that she had not made a film and did not study at all.

Myrtille also complained about her boyfriend. She'd been to a skate party, and he'd taken a picture of her, but her skateboard wasn't on the picture. The relationship was breaking down, so he lied about smoking too much weed because he was having a hard time and so on.

After the BDSM meet I thought I was indeed into BDSM. I immediately bought chains and rope. I put some chains on my pants. I bought a leather vest and leather fingerless gloves. I wore goth-style clothes. Maybe people would notice that I was into BDSM that way. At home I practiced with rope. I had already decorated my office chair with bondage. I looked up a lot about safety, I looked up the difference between abuse and BDSM, because that is important. It's been a long time since I've done anything with rope, so if anyone wanted to do it with me, I'd have to relearn and practice.

My parents had seen a movie about a mother and father who had lost their children to drugs. My mothers said, 'If there's anything, whatever it is, tell us!' I said with a smile on my face. "Do you know what I've done?" My parents thought I smoked weed, but no, I told them I went to a BDSM talking event. My brother immediately went upstairs. My parents were afraid I was going to strangle myself, but I said I wasn't into that. In the end, it's good that my parents knew. Otherwise they'll find rope and handcuffs in my closet and get the wrong idea that I'm a murderer or something.

It wasn't all BDSM in my life. I had four more friends to whom I told everything. I went outside every day to walk, as I still do today, and I wrote my thesis. I went to a lecture on women's rights and the metoo movement. Yes, I was for equal rights for men and women, but I also wondered what I could and could not do. It's also rather vague, sometimes. And who knows, I might get to know someone there. It was a bit of a bad time to be into BDSM. Since 2013, BDSM was suddenly in, because of some stupid fan-fiction that became hugely famous. Sixty Shades or something. Which caused many people to start exploring BDSM. The book was purely the fantasy of the writer, so it didn't give a good and safe example of BDSM, oh well, the positive thing was that BDSM was now more negotiable. Not much later the Metoo movement happened, this was advantageous in terms of equal rights. A lot of rich men, perverts, whom had harassed women without permission, or raped women had to appear in court. The news was mainly about the serial rapist Harvey Weinstein, who had film company in Hollywood, but now had to appear in court. Unfortunately, many men don't have bad intentions, but would like to have consensual sex, and many people just assume they have bad intentions. This often happened to me online, but oh well. It's the rapists' fault, because some bastards gave men and sexuality a bad name.

A girl from high school invited me to a party. So I started chatting with her online. Eventually it turned out, she invited everyone from her friends list, but oh well. It was a scouts party, so I thought it was all going to be leaders from 18 to 30 or something. My parents said I was going to get beat up there, so I looked up online how to defend myself. In addition, I looked up some dance moves and practiced them, so I also had a dancemoveset when I arrived. I looked up moves from the 90's and 80's so that my moves would be more original than the 201X moves they had. I wondered, where they going to do fortnite dances? I got there, there were three dark halls where techno or pop music was played. Strangely no one danced, they just moved their heads a bit. Many women seemed uninterested except for one. She pretended to kiss her friend who was a girl to, just like that, to tease me, but back then I had no idea what they meant. On dating sites, and in real life, I found that women often behaved strangely. I then heard Duran Duran sing in my head "would someone please explain, the reason for this strange behaviour" from the 1987 song 'Skin Trade'.

I added her on facebook, and not much later she turned out to be 16. wtf. Like, what the actual F. I excused my self and said its better if we kept a distance and I was not going to message her anymore. I thought, 'Sixteen year olds should study at home and play computer games and not party after 10pm when adults are looking for someone to have sex with.'

I had heard about polyamory and thought this was for me. I read about it, and like BDSM, I learned a lot of new words. To this day, I find that polyamorous people have tons of useful words to describe emotions, connections, and relationships.

Meanwhile I kept talking to Myrtille online, something bad had happened to her! She was hit by a car on her bike and had to go to the emergency room. Her right arm, with which she wrote, was broken. Her boyfriend came to visit her and broke up with her. She was in a deep dark pit. Her parents didn't even know about her cheating, the open relationship, and her BDSM-life and came to complain like some ancient prude priests. "You had a relationship and sex before marriage, and now it's over, and that's not how it should be, and blah blah blah" Her sister was also getting married, just now when Myrtille was all broken and alone, she was jealous of her sister. Poor Myrtille. She was discharged from the emergency unit and temporarily returned to Sweden with her parents to recover.

My parents asked 'Why didn't you visit her in the hospital?' but she only was there for a moment, and I didn't want to be confronted with her family, or boyfriend. I also wondered, had she had too much to drink? Was she rushing to meet that BDSM guy who got to her apartment too early again?

I couldn't sleep, and looked for something on my cell phone. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, I got messages from Myrtille. She said 'Help!' Surprised, I asked what was wrong. She said she was thinking about self harm, and I told her not to do it, to get help, a psychologist perhaps. She said she was engaging in self-destructive behaviour and I was very concerned about her. Also that cross-dresser, I got to know, told that she went to strange places. I didn't know what to do. Paul told me to ignore her for a while so I did, no matter how hard it was. I remember crying, my parents asked what was wrong, and I said I missed Myrtille.

I was still looking for myself. Who am I? What am I? What do I want? I went to REDACTED TOWN for a meeting on Polyamory. Most polyamorous people are friendly and they were kind enough to listen to me, but I just happened to hear some wrong advice that day. I chatted with a woman there, she said she wasn't helping anyone anymore. She had been through some stuff by helping a drunk boy, getting him sober in her couch at home, and suddenly the boy started camping in front of her house, he had become obsessed with her. She said, "I'm not helping anyone anymore." She told me to let Myrtille go, something I found extremely difficult, but didn't want to do.

Meanwhile I tried to find other girls through fetlife and the BDSM talking evenings, but it didn't work. I was desperate, people saw this, and this scared people away. I was desperate, and Myrtille was desperate, that's why we found each other. Plus, I'm sorry to sound sexist, but women have an easier time getting sex.

Men have a higher sex drive than women, so there is more 'demand' than 'supply'. And as icing on the cake, our culture tells men should "hunt women" while women should "remain virgins as long as possible". That is, of course, the biggest bullshit that our culture is telling people. Anyway.

Both at the BDSM talk evenings and in my class they realized that there was something wrong with me. I was looking too hard for girls. Sometimes I fear that I had scared girls with my messages. But it is what it is, I would never do anything without permission.

I had also made a drawing for a girl, and the next time she saw me she asked 'Who are you?' She just forgot about me. I had to think about that for a while, do we now live in such a superficial world where everyone has a five minute memory?

Even Paul angrily told me that the people I hung out with were "as deep as paddling pools."

I was also looking for advice on how to get sex. Unfortunately, I came across heaps of toxic advice. For example, there was a man who had sex with a woman and lied to her that he was married so that way they would never have a relationship.

Then there was a man who had sex with a woman, she would be sad and she said 'We use each other only as masturbation tools'.

And the man said 'yes, that's right'. People used terms like "hook-up" as if you were hanging a trailer to a car.

I wanted to make love, not just have cold blooded sex like as if your eating a sandwich or something.

I also heard that many men ended up in sexless marriages and that there are more STDs in monogamous relationships.

Non-monogamous people are honest about this, and will test themselves more often, while monogamous people trust each other, but sometimes secretly cheat. I didn't really realize at the time that a relationship was much more than monogamy and safe sex. But the reasons for me to get into a relationship were now gone forever and ever. A relationship? And you still have a chance of STD's and you even have LESS sex! No thank you.

Then it happened. As the autistic I was, I had literally sent Myrtille nothing for a week, which was hard for me, I was counting down the days. Then I saw it. She was just back in REDACTED TOWN, and had told me nothing, nothing at all. In hindsight, I was egotripping, I assumed I meant more to her, she had a lot on her mind. I thought back then: 'I treat others how I want to be treated myself' And I was angry that she didn't return this. My mistake was having expectations, vague expectations that I didn't even tell her, I didn't even know what

I wanted myself. I sent her messages. She said she was doing okay. I asked if I still had to come. And she said, 'that's no longer necessary, my circle of playmates is expanding.' My heart broke. I broke. I cried, but you don't see that through messages.

Asked if I was good, and she said I made her drool. So I guess I was sufficient... I said I didn't want to hear any more about her sexual adventures, and that we weren't going to have sex anymore. She said she respected this.

I was crying. My mother asked how I was feeling, and I said 'Myrtille has traded me in for a lot of other men, how do you think I feel?'

Myrtille was committing self-harm, and then I saw her profile picture on fetlife, her face with ropes around her neck....

I was so worried about her, so worried, and also so jealous. She had all the sex she could imagine, and I had nothing, nobody, I was a sick weirdo. I thought, "She had put my sex-drive in overdrive, and now I'm without sex!" I was mad at myself as well. How could I support free love, if I was so jealous? I wanted this feeling gone! Meanwhile, something bad had happened.

My nephew had an HIV test and it turned out he had HIV. I was broken. My nephew was going to die soon, or at least die in his 50's, I thought. Tessa Violet's song played in my head, the song 'Make me a robot'. She sang: 'Make, make me cold.' and 'Make me a robot. Take, take my soul'. False ideas, poisoned my brain. Did we live in such a cold world? I had tried a relationship, but this wore me out, I couldn't handle it. I didn't want a boring marriage, devoting my life to one person for the rare occasional sex.

And with my autism.... what if I couldn't handle work and social life at the same time? Would I starve on the street?

Were we in a world where people just pretend to be happy? Everyone had to run, and run after money and sex and everyone only thinks of themselves. A dog eats dog world. People just use each other like handkerchiefs to wank, and then throw each other away. The women who weren't weird about sex were mostly weird women, maybe worse than troubled Myrtille, ready to drag me into their pits of despair. I needed sex, but any woman could form abusive relationship. Was the world full of traps? Now that I couldn't find sex, what's going to happen? I had always been taught that sex was a primary need. It's at the bottom of Maslow's pyramid. I had learned that if you keep things trapped in your system, it will come out eventually, in an uglier way. Catholic priests had no sex, so they turned into paedophiles. Rapists were monsters, but people also said 'Rapists are lonely and desperate'.

In my head I saw Myrtille, crying and screaming, being raped by a group of big muscular men.

I didn't want to go to a sex worker, but I kept it as a plan B. I thought it was outrageous that prostitutes were so expensive, it's a primary need. Plus the longer it takes, the more expensive it was. I have trouble cumming so who knows how long it would take and how expensive it was going to be!? Were all the incels and misogynists right about the world? Was all I could do to be depressed or manipulate women? These were my toxic thoughts, the black dirty poison in my brain. Sometimes I thought about suicide, but I thought, I'll hold out in this world for a while, to see what this world has to offer me. Besides, suicide seemed rather, painful....

We both had a rebound, without realizing it. I for a relationship that had ended, and she for a relationship that wasn't even done, and we both fell into the void after this.

I sent emails to several psychologists, explaining my problem and hoping for an appointment.

No one responded, except one psychologist. I told about my relationship with H. and the dates I had after it, but unfortunately, there wasn't time enough to talk about Myrtille. Yes, I'd been rambling for an hour, and I hadn't gotten to the point. Unfortunately.

27./42 The Break Down

The following text contains references to violence, rape, self-harm, suicide, depression, sex and BDSM

I was full of emotions, this expressed itself in crying, but also in anger. Sometimes I would run, to let out my emotions, to let out my anger in a healthy way, I kept running until I was too tired to be angry. One day I came home, and the Neighbours were making noise again. Usually when I was angry I would express it by punching my pillow, in my bed. So I tried that again, I didn't want to hurt anyone, I just wanted to get rid of my anger. My boxing turned into kicking my bed. I was so angry that I accidentally made the whole house tremble. My mother came up and yelled for me to stop, but that only made me angrier. She left, and I kept kicking until my anger was almost gone, but then my mom came back upstairs, making me mad again, so I kept kicking on my bed.

She came up again, and I shouted: 'Go away, I'm angry, I don't want to hurt you!' I kept kicking on my bed until I was completely exhausted. Apparently my parents had called the psychologist, whom was back from his holiday, and they immediately took me to him. I asked how much time we had, and he said, as long as we need. I am still grateful to my parents and my psychologist for helping me in this way. I told him all about the whipping, fetlife, the BDSM meet, how she had dropped me. I also said to him, "And you said I was doing a good job! You approved her, and behold, I'm completely broken now!" He said, "I couldn't know that, I don't have a crystal ball." He told me that if he heard it all right, she was probably a nymphomaniac with an attachment disorder. She was raping herself, he said.

I asked, 'Where is this going to lead?' He said: 'Depression.' This was bad, but it didn't sound so awful. I imagined Myrtille hanging herself or being cut into a thousand pieces by a madman, but depression was not that bad.

He said, 'What happened to you, does not happen to 99% of people.' and 'Your brain is addicted to her, it's best that you don't send her anything anymore, don't contact her anymore. You'll have to let her go.'

Then I ate fries (a bag of fries) with my parents. Forsaken French Fries. My parents said to me soberly, 'Sorry, we can't help you.' I said I loved them, no matter what happened, it wasn't their fault. It wasn't their fault.

The next time, at the psychologist, I asked how long people could go without sex. I found that I shouldn't have sex for a while to let my sex drive calm down so that I wasn't so desperate anymore.

My psychologist was quite confused and surprised, he could hardly put a number on it, but I kept asking. So he said three months. That was good, I hadn't had sex for three months after I went to Japan.

Of course I continued to masturbate, and I kept looking for a woman, a woman who wants to do something with you is hard to find.

I even told a few women that I wasn't going to have sex for three months, which is a bit awkward. Anyway. I also wondered, am I into BDSM? Those BDSM guys are all cold-blooded people, they have sex without it love and beat each other with whips.

I often went for a walk in the park. I felt broken, literally. I gave each aspect of myself their own personality.

There was Gollum, based on the Lord Of The Rings character. The difference was that he had a lot more hair, and was ape-like.

He symbolized my ID, my sex drive going into overdrive, my anger, jealousy, my filthy desires for revenge.

Then there was Michael, he was a man who always wore a suit, and who looked a bit like me. He was full of confidence.

He went everywhere and talked to all kinds of women. He never gave up, and told me not to give up, that everything's going to be okay.

Then there was me. Broken, looking for myself. Who am I? What do I want? What should I do?

There was also Sarah, my feminine side, a gothic girl.

Music helped me through this dark period. I was listening to My Little Dark Age from the MGMT album. Before it became an internet meme in 2020.

The song 'She works out to much' reminded me of the soccer woman.

'My little dark age' speaks for itself, I was in my dark period.

'Me and Michael this was the inspiration, for the personality, the name, of the aspect of myself named Michael.

Luckily I also had two friends to whom I told everything; B. and E. Unfortunately Q. left me, my stories were too intense, I was too intense. Then there was Paul. I had lost him as well. He found my search extremely exhausting.

I told him about the BDSM stuff I saw, and he said this was the stuff from his nightmares. He told me I just ran after women and kept bumping into walls and making fool out of myself.

Indeed, I was ghosted a lot online, and people were so rude to me that I, actually, got used to it.

The thing is, sometimes women just want to live their lives, so if they want to be left alone, leave them alone.

He didn't realize this, maybe he still doesn't know this, that when you're looking for someone, you get a lot of 'No's' and doors in your face, just like when you look for a job. We agreed that I wouldn't say anything more about my sex life. I once said that I wanted to go to a gay bar or a party, to which he replied: "You have become a complete degenerate. You do a lot of dirty shit and visit all kinds of fringe groups."

He came to my house to end our friendship. I accepted this and said, 'It's a shame our friendship is over, but at least you have the balls to come to my house and say it in my face. I wish you the best'.

He did have a point. But I had been in a "normal" relationship for 5 years, and this was hell for me.

Normal people couldn't answer my questions when I asked 'What is love?' To know what I wanted, I had to explore what was there.

H.'s nightmare had come true, she had lost Josefien and me. Now the nightmare had me, by my throat. I had lost H., the love of my life, and I had lost Paul. A year ago I was afraid that Paul would kill himself and that I would lose H. because of my grief. But the nightmare had a plan B to catch me. Fortunately, Paul was still alive.

And, Paul will be back!

There was still a toxic thought in my head: that people need sex. I thought if people didn't have sex, they became depressed, like incels, or rapists. I asked my parents, 'If I don't have sex, won't I become a rapist?' My mother said something like, "If you think that way, then I raised you wrong." I didn't really understand her answer, and dropped the topic. I went to my psychologist, and I asked him the same question: 'If I don't have sex, won't I become a rapist?' The psychologist said: 'You are not a rapist, you are not like that.'

I said, "But what if I don't have sex?" The psychologist: 'You can give yourself sex.' Me: 'What do you mean?'

The psychologist: 'Masturbating.' Me: 'So... people can go without sex when they masturbate.'

The psychologist: 'Yes' He was surprised I didn't understand. Me: "So why do priests become paedophiles?"

The psychologist: 'Because they have problems with their self-image, they don't feel well. Or maybe they are mentally ill and want to abuse children, and priests often come into contact with children. Unfortunately, professions involving children such as teachers, sports coaches and scouts leaders lure the wrong people.'

Me: 'And why do men rape women?' The psychologist: 'Because they have psychological problems, or are drunk and desperate. Many perpetrators have been abused or assaulted as children.'

Slowly I started to understand everything, and to see everything from a different perspective. I was looking for sex because I thought people needed it. So no wonder I went to all kinds of groups like Polyamorous people and the BDSM world.

I also felt like a great weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I was desperately looking for women, but now I didn't have to. I still missed Myrtille, but I had to learn to let her go. I didn't think I'd go to BDSM meetings anymore, but what they all said there was so interesting, so I kept going. Myrtille was always there too, which was kind of weird, she just chatted to me like we were just acquaintances, and I saw her teasing other men there. Despite her broken arm, she had to quickly put together an animated film, because she hadn't really done anything for school.

She had made something in which she had filmed her own shadow. I wanted to see it, I looked for it on the school computers.

It was the last piece of the puzzle for me, but I didn't find it. It was like searching inside a dirty trash can for a letter or something.

Something stupid you shouldn't do. So, Mentally I had made the connection that I could be without her, but my heart had yet to heal, of what had happened. Shit had hit the fan, and I smeared the shit off my face. I wondered what kind of shit the world had in store for me. I couldn't care less.

I also went to polyamory evenings, I wanted to know how it all worked. What is love? Would they know what it was? I also thought free love was such a beautiful idea. I was still friends with Rosa then, if only for a moment. We went to see each other in REDACTED TOWN. She knew I had a crush on her. She asked if I liked her, but now was not the time to make a connection.

My heart had yet to heal from Myrtille and my cousin just turned out to have HIV. So I wrote a kind of love letter to Rosa. I told her how I thought she was beautiful and cool that she knew so much about Korea and different animal species. I know it's kinda random, but it's always nice when you see that someone knows a lot about something, and teaches themselves things. She understood, but asked not to complain about Myrtille all the time while we were in REDACTED TOWN. In REDACTED TOWN we went to a museum and had something to eat. We sent messages for a few days, but that ended.

She lived quite far away.

I celebrated New Year's Eve with my parents and their friends. It was good against my loneliness. It was now 201X.

My cousin came to visit once. He had good news, well it depends on what you see as good news. He told my family that the medication nowadays is so good that you can live a normal life with HIV. One can have HIV and become 85! Fortunately, the Belgian government reimburses a large part of the medication. I was so happy to hear that.

I was afraid he was doomed. HIV is and continues to be a problem, especially in poorer countries.

Preventing STDs is the best thing you can do. Use. A. Condom.

Myrtille was soon going to Sweden, back to her home, gone forever. She said she had a lot of work to clean up, plus her hand was still in a cast. I asked if I should help her clean up her apartment, but that I wasn't going to give her sex, she said it wasn't a good idea to come. She was right.

It was partly a relief when she was gone. It was always a little weird seeing her at the BDSM meets, the girl I was so in love with and who accidentally broke my heart. School didn't feel like a strange place anymore as I couldn't meet her there anymore.

I realized it was normal to be jealous in my case. I wasn't even that jealous of her, I was just very worried about her.

And concern is actually a beautiful emotion, as opposed to childish jealousy. She'd been through a lot, but she was always able to pull herself together and stand up.

So it wasn't necessary that I was concerned about her. She was a grown woman for Pete's sake. I wasn't allowed to stalk her to 'help'. I couldn't give her the help she needed.

There was one dark sliver: she had suicidal thoughts, I hope she never does it, but in the end, I can't know in how much pain she is. So if she makes that choice, and I hope she never does, then I will have to respect her choice. I hope she is happy wherever she is. It was wrong of me to want her for myself. People are like butterflies, you have to let them go, release them, don't trap them in a jar where they slowly starve.

I knew I didn't need sex, people can masturbate instead of having sex, but I was still looking for love.

What is love even? I asked everyone what love was, but each time I got different answers. I also watched all kinds of TED talks about love. I had started reading the book 'The Ethical Slut' and 'More Than Two'. I needed to know how it all worked, and maybe that's how I was going to find out.

I learned that I could give myself hugs just by hugging a pillow. In short, I learned to love myself. There's nothing narcissistic about that. Narcissists don't like themselves so they constantly seek attention and approval from others, they try to do this by telling them how "good" they are.

I loved myself, I realized that love was actually everywhere. Nature can be cruel, but it is also in harmony with itself. Ants help each other, animals mate and lovingly care for their young. The warmth of the sun is love. The plants give me oxygen, it is love. I get love from animals, if I can caress a dog or kitten now and then, that's love. I get love from my parents. I get love from my friends. People come and go, the world keeps changing, but the love stays. I know it sounds like hippie bullshit, but I'd rather have hippie bullshit and be happy than be sad and cynical for the rest of my life.

I remember laughing, I don't remember why. But I was positively surprised. I lost H. and Paul. My nightmare had become a reality, yet I could still laugh in this world. I felt like a phoenix then. I was reborn from the ashes of pain and sorrow, and I felt tremendously, tremendously powerful.

When I wrote the last three chapters about Myrtille, I felt a sadness and loss. I didn't realize I was still so emotional about this, about something that happened 4 years ago. She is happy without me, and I without her. I wish her all the very best.

28./42 Bang Bang Bang! I'm Pan!

This text contains descriptions of sex and references to BDSM.

Maybe I was kinky and into BDSM after all. I kept going to BDSM talking evenings and experimenting with all kinds of things myself, at home on my own. I practised bondage, and whipped myself with a belt, or a whip. I also attended a first aid course. I wanted to be prepared, just in case something went wrong, something can always go wrong, be it during BDSM, or a car accident, or whatever, you better be prepared.

I grew a lot mentally and had experienced a lot in a short time. If I wanted to do a lot, now was the time, because before I knew it I may have been in a relationship, and as soon as this tranquil school year was over, I had to look for work. I realized I'd never been to a gay bar before. I knew there was one in my town, not so far from the town hall. So I went there. It was a bit scary, you had to ring a bell, AND there were two doors. The first thing I saw was a television playing gay porn. There was no one there except the bartender, the first thing I said was "I'm not gay." The bartender understood, and said, 'I'll make sure no one touches you.' That was a great reassurance. He told me there was a drag queen show tomorrow. That sounded interesting, and the next day I was there for the show. It was a beautiful show, a small stage, yet intense. It reminded me of David Bowie. Many men took pictures and videos of the performance. There was a man named Onno there. He asked for a kiss, but I didn't want a kiss, so I suggested a hug then. I gave him a hug, and the moment I gave him a hug it was like something went off in my brain. "Pang Bang Bang!" It was so hot. I wondered was I pansexual? Since then I kept going to the gay bar. I wanted to know more about sexual freedom, how did people have sex without hurting each other? The BDSM talk nights, and polyamory nights were only once a month, and I always had to rush to catch the train back home on time. In the gay café I chatted with gay men about sexuality, relationships and life.

There were two floors upstairs. It was all a bit small, but there was a lot! There were booths that you could lock for privacy, although most had glory-holes. There was a cage, etc. Later around 2020, before the global virus thing, they had it renewed and so then there was also a living room with a sofa, and a television with porn on it.

At home I started to fantasize about how several men did it with me. Each in turn, and then all at once, their stiff snakes everywhere. Finally, sometime in January/February I decided to give it a try: sex with a man. It wasn't just a test to see if I was bi, it was mostly to see if I could have sex outside of a relationship without hurting myself.

If I hurt myself, it was my problem. If I didn't hurt myself, it meant I could experience a lot of fun. So, that evening, I literally asked a few men if they wanted to have sex. But only Marxis was interested. Marxis asked if Onno could come to, they were married, and he didn't want Onno to get jealous.

I actually like that, because secretly I found Onno prettier. We went upstairs and had a threesome right away! I sucked them off.

I layed on the floor as they shoved their sausages into my mouth. They French kissed me too. It was exciting for me, but I couldn't cum. The "joke" was that I had sex before my "three months without sex" were over.

At those BDSM talk nights, I'd heard so much about it, I wanted to know how it really was. All I wanted to do was to watch, maybe join in next time. But in hindsight I did something, and it was fun. I had arranged to meet some people from the BDSM talk evening to go to a club. It was a sex club that occasionally did something BDSM themed. They went to take me by car, it was quite far, an hour away. It was very exciting. It was quite expensive, 80 euros I think for a man. It was cheaper for women, transgenders or men dressed as women. There was food, all you can eat. I regularly ate something when I was hungry. I had stayed long. I saw things there that most people will never see in their entire lifetime! It was like entering a porn world where everyone looked normal instead of pretty models. There were a lot of pretty women, though. And one handsome cross-dresser. There were also a lot of cross-dressers walking around, they looked like giant women. A scene was happening. One woman was tied up with her arms raised.

She was still standing, and she was blindfolded. She was pretty, despite her big belly. She was spoiled with all kinds of toys, but she was also whipped. No one was allowed to film or take pictures, everything that happened in the club stayed in the club. The scene was over. I asked how she was feeling, and she said "good" with a smile. It had given her energy. There was also something there for people with a vacuum fetish or something. It was a gigantic plastic bag, you could crawl into with a tube in your mouth for air so you could keep breathing. One girl crawled in. The air was sucked out of the plastic making it go against her skin, she was all wrapped up. Not much later she crawled out, she liked it. Upstairs I helped to spank someone. That's how I learned how to do it right. I also saw a couple. The man beat his wife with a giant whip, a bull-whip. The woman was clearly in pain and crying, but it was all with her permission. Men watched and masturbated. Still, this was a bit shock to me, to see that in action. Upstairs there was a kind of attic. There someone had a very powerful dildo, a kind of dildo that went up and down very quickly, it looked like a drill machine. Girls tried it and they shouted very loudly with pleasure. There were also old people who had sex there. For me it was like watching animals have sex, not exciting, but not disgusting either. There was also an old woman who was fond of cross-dressers, she would have sex with one. A couple was specialized in playing with needles and medical staples. It wasn't drugs, no, it was just for the experience. The pain and pleasure that comes from that. All the needles and staples came out of the packaging hygienically. I was also allowed to use it. I was hesitant, but tried anyway. I put A needle through the skin on the top of my arm, and a few staples. You can feel it, but it only hurt a little. I removed the needle, and then the staples with something special to remove them, that didn't hurt either. I definitely don't want to act tough, usually I can't stand pain, and I'm always very careful. A little later I had sex upstairs with a cross-dresser, a man dressed as a woman. I sucked on her penis and jerked off. I enjoyed it and came. We went home and I really like it. I reached an orgasm, with someone, without hurting myself, without making myself sad, even though I'll probably never see that cross-dresser again. She was a lovely person and I wish her the best.

I would regularly go to the gay bar to have sex with men, which was fun. I always did it safely too. It was clear. I was pan, pansexual. Usually it means that you are attracted to people's personalities, regardless of whether they are male or female. To me, pan means I'm attracted to men, women, trans people, non-binary people etc. As long as that person is sweet and beautiful. I do notice a difference between men and women. And admittedly, I'm more attracted to women because they're harder to connect with than men, maybe I find women prettier too. I don't use the term bi because some people think bi-people can't feel attracted to trans people or non-binary people.

29./42 The Normal Party Life

This text contains references to sex.

I liked the gay bar and often invited straight friends to the bar. I knew what it was like to have a normal relationship, and besides that I have explored a lot in a short time: dating apps, the BDSM world, and the gay world. But I hadn't explored the normal party world yet, except for that stupid scouts party full of minors, yikes.

Saturday evening I went into the night. From one cafe and disco to another. There was one cafe that was known to be "sleazy". I thought, sleazy people are usually open minded to drugs, booze and sex. So who knows, maybe I could find someone there to make love with. I went to the fringe cafe, and danced hard. I tried to talk to women, but no one wanted to talk to me. Two men snorted coke. A guy came up to me and said angrily, "Hey will you leave my girlfriend alone?" I asked the women if they knew him and they said no.

"If anything ever happens, I'll protect you," I said, showing them my cutter knife as proof. I tried to chat with the women a bit more, but nobody seemed to be interested, so I danced on my own and had a lot of fun. Screw those boring people! There was also one man who looked angry and said I danced like a woman. Not much later the bartender called me. He asked if it was true that I had a knife with me. I said "yes", he asked why, I said "to defend myself." Then he wanted the knife, and I gave it to him. I fight back if I have to, but I'm not a villain. I didn't want to risk dancing further into the night unarmed, I thought about going home so I asked my backpack back.

The bartender gave back my backpack, and to my great surprise he also gave my knife back. I left the bar, I thought I wouldn't be able to go there for a while. I've never been back in there. But hey, they were a bunch of weirdos, trying to talk to women they thought was weird, but doing hard drugs is normal? I had my knife back so I could still defend myself should something happen, so I continued into the night. One lesson I did learn, never show your weapon, never. If you're cornered, and could be beaten up at any moment, then you have to take it out to defend yourself. Well, anyway, I went further into the night. I found a cafe, the 3 wise men. There were young people dancing, men and women without shirts their bodies together. Yep, this seemed like a place for me. A woman in her 50's thought I was pretty and talked to me. She stroked my head.

Unfortunately she only spoke French. She said I was beautiful, but so young. We danced together for a while. I said I was going home, it was 3 am. I waited to see if she was coming, she hesitated and decided to stay there. Too bad, but maybe also good, I live with my parents, and we didn't have a separate dining room back then, so it would be a strange morning if my parents suddenly saw her.

I went regularly to different bars, on the night from Saturday to Sunday. I chatted with many women and danced with that French woman. The normal nightlife was fun and it was good for my social skills, but there was just no sex in this world, maybe it was just me, I didn't care. I had fun, that was the main thing.

After such a night I slept all Sunday. I then woke up on Sunday afternoon. I used the night from Sunday to Monday to help move. My parents had converted their studio into a bedroom, so their bedroom was vacant. My brother took their bedroom, and my brother's bedroom became a desk and dining area for me.

I had to move a lot of stuff and give everything a good place. Monday morning I went to the REDACTED ART-SCHOOL to discuss my paper

As soon as I got home from school, I fell asleep. The rest of the week I worked on my thesis and had a normal day and night rhythm until it was Saturday again. I went out every day, rode my bike for an hour every week, and I started studying for my driving test.

I reconnected with some high school classmates. We went to party together in REDACTED TOWN. It was fun, I chatted with all kinds of women,

partly encouraged by my friends. They partly laughed at me, and partly admired that I dared to talk to everyone.

I danced with women. Unfortunately, there was one time when a group of women formed, like, a barrier while dancing, so I just left. It didn't help that the music was so loud you couldn't even ask for a dance.

We went to a cafe with a pole, I pole-danced around it for fun. I looked at a woman and for some reason she said to me 'you are not going to touch me.' I said 'okay' and left her alone. That night I stayed with my friends.

We chatted on facebook for a few months, but the contact has dwindled and is now gone.
Life goes on.

30./42 What I've Learned

This text contains references to sex and BDSM.

A lot had happened and I got a lot out of it. In the beginning I was like crazy looking for another person, but actually I could be alone. In fact, I was made to be alone. Somehow my despair had a positive side, because of this I went to all kinds of places, and I learned all kinds of things. I was looking for love, but actually love is everywhere.

Love is also just a word.

Some couples like to see each other, and have sex every day, but don't call it love. Others have a long distance relationship, see each other once a month and call it love. People say dating apps are bad and it's cringey to talk to all kinds of women in real life, but the truth is that using apps and talking to people is a great way to find love, sex or friendship.

You also have to be honest. If there are others, be honest about it. If you just want sex, be honest about that. If you want to get married, just say it. It's best to say this fairly quickly, before or during the first date, otherwise people will feel cheated.

If necessary, put it on your dating profile. It is true that dating sites and apps collect and resell information about you, so it is and remains your choice whether you use it or not. You can also always look at your hobbies, and get to know people that way, by joining a chess club, a Dungeons and Dragons group, etc.

If you are looking for a relationship, sex or whatever, you will get a lot of doors in your face. You will be ghosted, scolded, etc.

People will think you have bad intentions for some reason. Don't take it personally, that's life, those people want to be left alone, so just leave them alone. Eventually you get so many doors in your face that it doesn't hurt anymore, you became stronger.

Rejection is such a strange word, people don't reject each other, they just set their limits and there's nothing wrong with that.

You may not find sex or a relationship, but you have gained experience, a good conversation or found a good friendship!

You should also always ask permission, even if you just want to talk, then you know for sure that you are not working on anyone's nerves.

I've also learned that BDSM people don't have sex with tons of people. Many are monogamous.

Some BDSM'ers are even, asexual, instead of cumming, they like pain.

Everything is separate, and everything is a spectrum. Yet I noticed that the gay world, BDSM world and the polyamory world overlap. Communication is key, and consent is everything.

I've also learned that when people are having a hard time, the best thing you can do is listen. Don't get carried away in people's grief, just being there can mean a lot. You can help people, but always help yourself first. Sometimes you can't give others the help they need. You can't give help if people don't want to be helped. If you are happy yourself, you can help others. Also dare to say 'no', and clearly set your own boundaries. If people don't respect your boundaries, get away from them, worst case scenario, call the police. There's nothing shameful about that, you didn't want this, and it's not your fault.

Sometimes people don't want anything to do with you anymore. You may never understand it, but you can respect it.

If you miss someone, you can always think of them, this way they are never really gone, they are close to your heart.

Maybe its not 'real' , it's just a version of them in your head, your interpretation, but it's nice to remember people who are no longer in your life. If it helps, then it helps. If you love people, you have to give them freedom, you have to be able to let them go.

Also don't upset yourself when you are sad, emotions, anger, jealousy are all normal.

There is a beautiful poem about loss: One Art by Elizabeth Bishop. Perhaps I do not understand the poem, but it is a beautiful work.

Sadomasochism and LGBTQIA+ people have been around since the dawn of humanity. It's not something new "invented by the internet". It is not "a disease of modern society" We are all human beings who want to be happy in our own way. You should also do things because they are fun. You should do sports because it's fun. You should write if that's fun. If you exercise for muscles or to get a girlfriend, you can be disappointed. If you write to become famous, you may be outraged. Just like Empire of the Sun said, 'We are running for the thrill of it.'

It's also the case that I'm weird. Normal people think I'm creepy, so I just attract weird people, and they're also more interesting and fun. It's also boring to be normal, while weird people are rarer, usually more sincere and live life in their original way.

I read these books that helped me a lot between 201X and 202X:

- 'BDSM Basics for Beginners: A Guide for Dominants and Submissives Starting to Explore the Lifestyle' by Michelle Fegatofi
This book helped me the least, but I thought I'd add it because it does tell you about how BDSM is.

- 'The Ethical Slut' by Dossie Easton and Janet Hardy

I got a lot out of this book. It's a book about non-monogamy. It tells why there is nothing wrong with sexual freedom and also tells you how to deal with different situations as a non-monogamous person.

- 'More than two' by Franklin Veaux and Eve Rickert

This book also helped me a lot. It's a book about polyamory.

Sometimes the book exaggerates with all their questions to consider before getting into a relationship, it's so hard to find someone, and if you want to find someone who fits everything, you won't find anyone.

- 'Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus' by John Gray

This book has gotten a bad reputation. People see it as 90's sexism. Yes, the author strongly believes there is a difference between men and women. But John Gray is never derogatory to women. In an age of the internet, where men see women as emotionless robots or disposable tissues, and thousands of books about manipulating women, I much prefer a book like this. The books I read were very progressive, so I had to read something conservative so I could see the world from both sides. I thought it was interesting. Ultimately, it's about the different ways you can view relationships, and the different problems that can arise from them.

- 'A Lover's Pinch A Cultural History of Sadomasochism' by Peter Tupper

This is about the history of BDSM, very interesting. As I said, sadomasochism has been around since the dawn of humanity.

31./42 Moving Forward and a Furry Encounter

This text contains references to sex, furies and BDSM

Before you wonder. I didn't have sex with anyone in a fur-suit. ...although I'd be open to try it.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and I went to a Bondage workshop. Elly had rented a room especially for that, she did this every month. It was interesting to witness. Some people went naked, others kept their underwear on. Some did suspension and let themselves hang, with ropes tied around their bodies to the ceiling. There was no strangulation involved.

Not much later I also went to a bondage workshop at Elly's home. There was a trans woman there named Kate. Coincidentally, I saw that she was not wearing any underwear, she was wearing a chastity belt on her penis, which I thought was quite hot.

Kate and Evelien once invited me to her house. I could watch them do bdsm and have sex. Evelien said she likes to say 'no' and 'stop' during sex, but they had a safe word so they could stop at any moment. They did it in the sofa. Kate had a gigantic strap-on with which she took Evelien very hard in her asshole. She did say 'no' and 'stop' sometimes, but everything there was done with permission. They paused for a moment, then continued. How they had sex, it was just a pure primal force coming out. I masturbated, but I did use a condom so I wouldn't stain their sofa. We came. Afterwards we ate pasta with 4 cheeses.

Life is good, life is good.

I went out in REDACTED TOWN, during the day. I went into a random cafe and had a drink. A lot of girls arrived. Like a dream come true.

I went to them and asked if I could sit with them. Suddenly the woman behind that bar said: "Sir, no!" I was quite confused.

I asked, confused, 'Do a lot of people come here with bad intentions?' She asked "Do you have bad intentions?"

I said 'Not me' I went back to my seat and continued reading my book, I even cried. In the end I paid for my drink. I said to her: 'I'm a lonely man, but at least I'm trying to do something about it'" We shook hands, and I left.

So, I will never go there again.

I had also been to a cocoa ceremony with a friend. Very interesting. We drank a cocoa drink there, very strong chocolate milk.

So strong that you can compare it to soft drugs. It gives you a warm feeling in your heart. I drank small sips as I also take medication everyday. They sang according to the chakras, we massaged each other, this was not erotic, everyone kept their clothes on. There was also a lot of chatting.

It was spring 201X and I thought to go back to the convention. There I happened to meet a lot of people from the BDSM talk evenings. I also had the idea to meet furies. There were always furies at conventions, but I had never spoken to them. So I hung out with them and got a lot of free hugs, which is always nice.

That's how I ended up, online, in furry telegram groups. That's how I got to know a guy from my neighbourhood; Jim. He was 18 and still in high school. Yet he already had, well, sexual experience with men who were around 45. We had sex together and experimented with bondage and other toys. We met and had sex, I took him from behind, and whipped his ass, which he liked. He liked rimming me. He had an open relationship with his 45-year-old boyfriend, but one day it ended. So, he came to visit me, and we cuddled, he cried in my bed, in my arms. I felt like a rock that Jim could cling to so he wouldn't drown. Jim then met another boy, and they fell in love. Our connection faded, but as long as he's happy, that's the most important thing.

I went to the Gay Pride in Brussels. At the my town's station I saw a boy, he clearly looked gay, and I asked if he was going to the Gay Pride. He said yes. We chatted a bit on the train, and he turned out to be a human pup. I was allowed to go with him. I got to know several human pups, and they were very friendly. One even had an extra dog mask for me.

I thought, why not, and put it on. I stroked human puppies, and that was pleasant. Some wanted to be left alone, and I respected that.

There were a lot of photographers, so that was a bit awkward. In addition, there were sometimes children, and I don't know whether it is a good idea to expose children to human pups, but nothing sexual happened.

They're just men dressed up as and pretending to be dogs. It rained and I lost them, I had a drink somewhere and then decided to go home earlier than usual. That is the advantage if you go somewhere alone, you can choose where you go and when you leave.

I also got to visit Lore, a pretty chubby trans woman who lived with Elly. I wanted to experience a BDSM scene, to be spanked.

We used the traffic light system. Green means harder. Orange means softer, or pause. Red means stop. I was naked, but there was no orgasm, it was just BDSM. She hit me hard with her hands on my behind, and put her fingers hard on my buttock, squeezing them. Then she hit me with a whip. My pain threshold was slowly raised, but eventually I was getting dizzy, I saw stars. So we decided to stop. We both liked it. I was tired for the rest of the day. And I had bruises on my ass. Especially blue dots from when she put her fingers. I was tired and hungry for the rest of the day. It was fun, but not my thing, way too exhausting. But maybe, very maybe I might try it again. Every now and then I hit myself with a belt or whip.

Elly taught me that day how to correctly hit with a whip, a flogger. I was allowed, with permission, to hit Lore's beautiful butt.

It also turned out that Elly was being stalked by someone, she said something about it, without naming that person.

Unfortunately, there was going to be more drama about this stalking.

Meanwhile for school, I had submitted my thesis. I didn't even know if I passed, but I didn't want to do nothing.

I immediately decided to look for a job, and I did. Remember when I said Jolonde was coming back? Well, I was still texting women, you never know what might come happen. That's how I got back in touch with Jolonde. She was also creative, and we had both lost some friends. We decided to meet in REDACTED TOWN, I had to be there to hand in my CV to a job agency. From the start she said she just wanted to stay friends, no problem. Later we decided to have a friendly picnic, and to this day we are still platonic friends. Sometimes she has a hard time, and she needs a listening ear.

I also visited Kate once. She often does it with different people. We had sex. I knew she could get a fist in her cute butt. So I asked if I could try that with her, and yes, with lots of lube, carefully and slowly slipped my hand in, once in it I made a fist of my hand.

Finally, I jerked off as I lay next to her. She scratched my belly and said 'look at me' and that's how I came.

I've read that when you fist, it's best to do Kegel exercises to keep the anal sphincter strong.

32./42 Eefje Part 1, A Dance of Transwomen and Cross-dressers

This text contains references to sex, sex work and BDSM

Online a girl, a trans woman, asked if someone wanted to go with her to the Gay Pride in Antwerp. Her name was Eve. She happened to be into puppy play and she also had an alter ego for this, Milly, the dog. I said I'd like to go. We sent a lot of messages, we did a bit of role-play online in which she was the dog and I was the owner. We went to Gay Pride together with a friend of hers called Puppa. (She will be back later). It was fun. I walked with Eefje with her leash in my hand. I felt there was love everywhere. It was just a bit of a shame that big companies always use the Gay Pride to advertise. At the end of the pride there was a festival, a place secluded with racks. You had to queue for a very long time to buy special coins, only to stand in line again, for a long time to drink something. It was ridiculous. We decided to eat something in a restaurant not far from there. I then went home, but bought some water in a small shop. This was much cheaper, and it saved much more time.

I once went to Eefje's house. She was asexual. We did some puppy play, and I hugged her while I masturbated.

That's how I came with her. She was a sweet girl. But, she was having a hard time. She had a BSO diploma (a degree for people can do manual labour well) with which she could not find work. She was only home on the weekends, during the week she had to stay in an institution, because she was suffering from depression. She has had a turbulent life. When she was young, she had fallen in love with her male dog. Yeah I know, it's kinda weird, I know. I also have mixed feelings about this, because animals cannot give permission. She loved her dog very much. Her father was sleazy, he snorted cocaine, and I suspect he abused his children as well. Eefje started to explore herself and discovered that she was a woman. Her father then kicked her out of her house.

Poor Eve. Her father doesn't even want to take care of his own children.

Eefje was a DJ for a while and played songs for a few parties, she had also tried all kinds of drugs. She is in conflict with herself, and ended up in an institution after a failed suicide attempt where they tested her for every possible mental disease.

She never had much energy. She was always thin and never had much food in her house. When she slept with me, I could never get her out of bed, and I sleep so long myself, and I'm having a hard time getting out of bed myself!

Eefje and I loved each other. She was asexual, but that didn't matter, I could jerk off while we cuddled.

It was June 201X, I continued my studies for my driver's license and I had found temporary work at a beer brewery. I had to put bottles in boxes and label them. It was a small, cosy company. I worked in a kind of shed, which was well ventilated and I was sometimes allowed to work outside in the sun, moving bins. Unfortunately I was too slow so they let me go after a few months.

I went to the gay bar. Macron was there too. He was a French man who looked very much like Macron, hence they called him Macron. He wanted to rim me, and showed this with gestures, to break the language barrier. It was funny to see a French president act like that. I didn't feel ready at the time, so I politely declined his offer.

Later I went back to the gay-bar. It was very busy, there was a promotion that you got free drinks if you were wearing white clothes. There was a French cross-dresser dancing on the pole. He said 'C'est chaud ici' and I said, 'Vous etes chaud.' We danced together. Macron also arrived. The cross-dresser and I danced on. I had also cross-dressed once so I showed a few pictures of me as a woman. We went upstairs and had sex. I did not like that the cross-dresser took off her wig, but it is what it is. I came. Meanwhile, Macron was waiting, nervously. He wanted to rim me, and I thought 'why not'. He rimmed me while he played with himself and he reached an orgasm.

It was a nice evening, I had sex with two different people. I decided to go home, when suddenly three people arrived. An older woman, and two transgender girls, shemales. A white woman, with plump lips, and a black trans woman. I told the white woman I thought she was beautiful, I just wanted to compliment her before I left.

But the black woman, looked at me, she looked at my shoes, I was wearing expensive shoes for the occasion, and she might have thought I was rich. It was like she wanted me and started talking to me. I was ecstatic. She was also with a black guy, but he looked really high or drunk, or both. She took my cell phone and looked herself up her instagram, and messaged herself so she could talk to me. She spoke Spanish and could not speak Dutch, only a few words of English. The cellphone said 'I am a good persona.' Her hand took my arm tight, and she dragged me to the toilet, where she showed me her penis. Her thing was big, I thought that was hot. I wanted to do things with her, people said she was a prostitute, and that older woman was her manager. I asked if I could do something with her, with permission, and she said it should be done here at the gay-bar.

I went upstairs with her, but she didn't like it there because the doors had locks there, which put her off a bit. However, they were locks that you could open from the inside, she could always open them. However, we went back downstairs, and I explained the situation to the lady, I also said that I wanted to have sex as a friend without paying.

We decided to take the taxi. The taxi man had to laugh a bit with the situation and said, 'that's something else, isn't it?'. The taxi took us to her apartment, it was in Marke, off all places. I sent a message to my parents that I was going to someone's house, with her address on it, you never know what could happen. The taxi man and the trans woman exchanged numbers.

I paid for the taxi, taxis are quite expensive but it was the least I could do as I was going to get free sex from her. She and I had a lot of sex. She took me really hard from behind, and her thing was huge indeed, I moaned like a girl. We sometimes took breaks.

She smoked weed, and also snorted coke. That took a while. She asked if I wanted one too, but I kindly said no. She then took me hard. She wondered why I couldn't cum. She regularly checked her cell phone, the light from her smartphone reflected on her small breasts. 'You want a threesome?' she asked. 'No thanks' I said.

A little later, she pulled out a syringe and shot into her thigh. 'Hormones, you like?' 'Yes.' I said. Again she took me hard, and then asked if it was okay if a third person joined us. I thought I could watch, but then I had to pretend I was asleep. The doorbell rang and I was obediently covered under the sheet. I heard the man suck her off. 'First time?' she asked. 'First time.' the man replied. I recognized the voice, was it the taxi driver? The man held on to the bed I layed in. Suddenly I felt his hand, he went to my penis and grabbed it for a while. The woman immediately pulled him away and slapped his ass. "Bad boy, bad boy!" she cried. I had to lay still, I was a bit shocked but I wasn't traumatized. I had gone to the lion's den myself and things like that just happen. As I write this, it seems too absurd for words, like a scene from a bad 2000's comedy. The man had done his thing, paid and left.

Me and the woman continued to have sex. She took off her condom every five minutes, forcing me to put on another one. This was a bit irritating but it the sex was so hot and exciting! The whole floor was covered with condoms. 'You want me to cum?' she asked and I said yes, as long as she had fun. She came on my penis. That was not the intention, since I could get STDs that way. It was hot though, I masturbated with her cum as my lube. I came. I asked to sleep, but she wanted to continue having sex. I wasn't sure whether I was supposed to stay there or not. Finally we slept, her hard was throbbing hard. I had set my alarm, I didn't dare to sleep with her for too long, which I didn't know if I could trust her. My alarm went off and I turned it off right away. I asked if I could take a shower, and I did. She decided to continue sleeping. I took the taxi back home. The taxi driver told about how his seven year old daughter had cooked rice, but it was way, too much rice, it made her sad. 'We should be happy that we live in a country where we have too much food.' he said. It was good to hear a heart-warming story after such a dark night.

My parents were a little shocked but had a good laugh about it, they even seemed a little proud of me. I then went back to the gay bar on foot to take my bike. She came on my thing, so I made an appointment with the doctor for an STD test. Since then I do a test every 3 months. With an HIV test every 6 months. Later on, my parents were a bit angry with my wild adventure. "You look for people who exist on the margins of society. What's your plan? That you come home with AIDS?"

A little later I saw her and her boss again in the gay bar. She was with a few other people, including a woman who was a dwarf. I danced with her. I asked the trans woman if I could go out with her again but she said 'later'. I danced with the dwarf, hugging her, it was fun, she felt warm. The mistress treated me to a glass of wine, I took a small sip out of courtesy, but then left it. I was too paranoid, normally I don't drink and you never know when someone put something in your drink. Then I went upstairs to have sex with a cross-dresser. Back downstairs, the woman and her mistress were gone. I went back home, in the mirror I saw a big smudge of lipstick on my cheek!

Later I looked at the sex worker's account again. On Instagram she appeared to go from one country to another, from one party to another. Madrid, London, Barcelona, Paris, with videos of her dancing in discos.

I wondered what she was doing in such a small town like my town. Later I saw her account once on redlights. So it cost 150 euros for a quarter of an hour. And I was with her for a very long time, and even stayed overnight. I wondered if I had taken advantage of her, but I just got touched by that taxi driver and what I was doing with her was with permission, so I shouldn't worry about it.

I sent a message to H. I said: 'I have grown a lot, and have been through a lot, is this also the case with you?' She said again that she found it difficult to talk to me. So I left her, as she asked. I thought it was better I didn't contact her anymore. She could always send something herself.

33./42 Eefje Part 2, A Game of Adult Babies and Stalkers

This text contains references to sex, BDSM and stalking

Eefje, wanted a relationship with me. I was honoured but wanted to wait a bit first to see if we had a good click. A month passed, and we were still doing well. So okay, we were in a relationship. We liked each other. It was a pity that she lived so far, and that she was often in the institution. I even went to see her at the mental institution.

A lady had extra food vouchers with me, and gave me one so that I could eat there. I felt a bit bad that I ate for free even though I wasn't a patient there but I was hungry what else could I do? It was a quiet place and no one had a mental breakdown then, it was more like a cosy rest home than anything else. Eefje had turned on the television, and with my ADD I was distracted by the television. Eefje didn't like this, because I would pay attention to the television instead of her. This was always a little frustrating for me, she knew I was ADD but she turned on the television anyway. I loved her, and a stupid TV isn't going to change that.

Eefje had met a friend, she was also a trans woman, into puppy play and into BDSM. Her name was Mona, and she liked me too.

I had long hair then, and she said she was into femboys. On facebook I happened to see some pictures of her and Lore together, but they weren't friends on facebook. I also saw pictures of her and Kate, they seemed to be close together once.

I spoke to Lore about this, and she was a little shocked. Lore said Mona was the person stalking Elly!! I asked if I could know more about this, since Mona was suddenly 'close' to my life. We agreed to get together, I went to visit Elly's house where she told everything:

First, Elly and Mona got on well. Mona turned out to know a lot about BDSM and partly worked for an Australian media company that gave BDSM workshops. Some said to Elly 'I don't believe all of what she says.' or "I don't trust it." but Elly ignored this. Mona and Elly worked together for Elly's workshops. One day, for some reason, an argument broke out over bondage rope. Mona claimed that she herself had bought rope that Elly used from her, without refunding it. I don't know how much money or how much rope it was, but that fight sounded so stupid. There was a lot of arguing and bickering about it, eventually Mona decided to cut herself off from Elly and set up her own BDSM workshops.

Unfortunately, Mona couldn't stop there. She tried to make Elly's life miserable. Every time she bought something, she sent the bill to Elly. in addition, Elly also received a lot of hate messages from Mona and all kinds of other Facebook accounts. Those facebook accounts were supposedly people who worked for that Australian media company. Elly looked at the accounts, but they were rather odd. According to her profile, one of the accounts was a Jehovah's Witness, a Jehovah's Witness will absolutely never work for a BDSM company. In addition, those profiles made the same typos that Mona made. It was obvious, it was just Mona. When Elly said that to those accounts, they suddenly said "Oh Mona just took over my account, we do this often". All very bizarre. It was just Mona. Mona also called all kinds of BDSM and swingers clubs to say that "Elly is acting very dangerous with her BDSM and totally disregards permission and safe words." and so on. The clubs themselves thought: "Elly isn't like that at all." The harassment weighed heavily on Elly's heart, she had to cry regularly at work, her work had nothing to do with BDSM. Mona could just contact her work and say that Elly is into BDSM which allowed them to fire her. Elly took this to the police. They advised her to prepare a file, so she did. It took Elly a while to put this all together; but now she can laugh about it. As soon as she gets a bill from Mona, she says to her friends "Ah, Mona has been crazy again!" and puts that with the rest of the file.

Not much later Eefje and Mona turned out to be in a relationship, a platonic BDSM relationship. I felt conflicted about this. On the one hand I was with Eefje, and I loved her very much, but on the other hand I had to try to keep my distance from Mona and I didn't want to lose the friendship with Elly.

I told Eefje about the situation, and she understood, but didn't believe Elly, but okay, I warned Eefje, I did what I had to do. If she didn't want to listen to me, so be it. If Eefje and Mona have a beautiful friendship, I can't be against it. Plus, it was an open relationship, I could still have fun at the gay-bar, or date other women.

It was spring 201X and it was my birthday. Coincidentally, on my birthday, a BDSM-themed drag performance was held at the gay bar. It was great to see. I had a black cap and a chain on my trousers for the occasion. I asked if it was a good idea to put on my BDSM attire, and people were curious, so I went upstairs, put on some kinky clothes, and even danced on stage for a while, in between dance scenes. I wouldn't do this during a dance scene because I don't want to disturb the work of the drag queens. It was a fun evening and everyone had a good time.

Meanwhile, Boris had asked if I wanted to go to a gathering, a party for Adult Babies and Diaper Lovers.

Yes, I know, it sounds wrong. But they are just adults who sometimes feel like a child, and then dress like a child and behave like that, this can be done with or without a diaper. Then there are just diaper lovers, people who like to wear diapers, at home in their private lives. Adult babies and diaper lovers are often referred to by the abbreviation ADBL (Adult Baby Diaper Lovers.)

The ADBL movement lives a bit entangled and next to the BDSM community as those 'kinks' are part of BDSM. On the other hand, some BDSM practitioners find ADBL weird or ADBL people find the BDSM a little scary with their chains, whips and ropes, which is in contrast to the warm safe world of ADBL. So yes, I was very curious. And the ADBL world seems like a nice place.

In addition, I find the thought of an adult beautiful woman with a diaper or pacifier attractive.

So Boris and I went to the ADBL event in Limburg. It took a while by train and we slept in a hostel.

Boris had already been there alone so I trusted him. The thing was that Boris is also visually impaired, so I had to help him sometimes. Normally I don't sleep in hostels after what happened in Lisbon (see chapter 20. H, a long love part 2: Beyond the borders).

Boris showed me all kinds of cosy cafes and good restaurants. I also had to think about it, as a blind man he didn't much benefit from the visual beauty of buildings or exhibitions, so his world consisted of drinks from cafes and good food. Boris also said that as little he sometimes felt like a girl. Her name was Beatrice. Finally it was evening and the event started. It happened in a swingers club. The event was not sexual, but the only people open-minded enough to organize such a gathering are now people who also run swingers clubs. It was nice there. There were plastic mattresses on the floor at a corner that you could rest on. Which was handy. I hadn't slept much in the hostel. Soft romantic music played and the television showed children's programs. There was a bar, and even a pool, but that pool was out of order. At that meeting there were indeed several people dressed as children, some wearing diapers.

There were people of different age groups, some people around 60, I think even someone in their 70s. There were also people around 30 and some even younger than me. There were a couple of pretty women, and one pretty boy with long blond hair who dressed like a girl.

I also chatted with a few people whom were a bit older. I wondered how they found out they were into diapers and how they got to know each other without the internet. That of the diapers, started individually, with one person. He liked to wear diapers.

There were others who also had the same feelings about diapers. Apparently they got to know each other through advertisements in sex shops or sex books.

Then there was a tour. Upstairs there were all kinds of rooms where people could have sex during the swingers club.

There was also a jacuzzi. The boss opened a door to one of the rooms, but there was a couple there changing each other's diapers. 'Oh, sorry,' said the man and closed the door. He also showed an SM room. There was an Andrew's cross there.

Then we went down to the basement. There was a dungeon there, but it wasn't much, it was a few wooden walls, with planks and glory holes in it. Nothing special, but still it would be nice to have sex in it.

The man said that sometimes BDSM evenings were held. Everyone was of course over 18, but the age difference was taken into account. There were two different evenings, one for people under 45 and one for people over 45. The man said that the mentality was also different, he did not talk about how that mentality is different.

Perhaps the older ones are more focused on the Sub and Dom distinction. Since younger BDSMers tend to be switches (people who can be both Sub and Dom). Maybe younger people in BDSM are more focussed on consent and more LGBTQ+ minded as there are a lot of young trans people in the BDSM world, but I'm just speculating.

The tour was done. I was back among the littles (adult babies) and sometimes I felt like I was among children.

We were throwing a ball at each other, and suddenly someone threw a plushie in my face quite hard, so I left them .

Not much later I went back and cuddled with a boy and that was pleasant. For the occasion I had a pacifier with a string on my neck to empathize with the adult babies, and the boy put the pacifier in my mouth.

After this experience Boris and I went to sleep in the hostel and then went home.

Boris will be back in the epilogue!

34./42 Song of Old Men and Mona

Warning sexually explicit text and reference to BDSM and stalking

Somewhere in my mind Eefje makes music. She mixes a song from two different records, one about old men and one about Mona.

This is the song, the chapter:

Besides my love-life and friendship-life I also worked for a few months in a chocolate factory, but then they fired me because they didn't get enough sales.

Not much later I worked in shop that sold construction tools, but I got sick and could not go to work for a while, but that was reason enough for them to cancel the internship. I refreshed my excel knowledge and followed a course for Microsoft Project, a program for making schedules. I also continued to write my thriller short stories and learned to drive.

Eefje lived near Antwerp, so I had to sit on the train for a long time,

the advantage was that I could read many books. I borrowed books from my brother and my mother. In the end I got a little tired of going so far every time. So I agreed with Eefje to rent a small hotel together between her place and my place.

It was fun, we ate together in a small cheap restaurant. Sometimes we did BDSM, I would whip her with permission, but the 'smacks!' were so loud I was afraid I was going to wake people up like that, so I put my whip away.

We watched movies together. We cuddled, and I would jerk off, the next morning we would have a nice breakfast together.

Eefje had trouble finding work and lived off the state. The apartment where Eefje lived was rented out by the state, but the owners of the apartment complex had found a company that was willing to pay more, so a lot of people had to pack their belongings and move out. So Eefje was going to be homeless for a while, really shameful of those landlords. Me and Mona would try to help her, while my parents didn't approve and complained about it constantly.

I had to look for a garage to rent for all her stuff and Eefje would pay it back to me. I also went to Eefje's apartment to help with the move together with Mona. I was also looking for an apartment to rent for Eefje and I, but for that I had to find work.

I had briefly found work in a lamp factory, where I had to assemble lamps. You expect something like this to be done by machines these days. There was a man who was going to teach me all this, but he only came every now and then, surrounded by a strong smell of beer, sweat and weed. After a few weeks he saw that it was not going too smoothly, so they put me at the packers, but the man was very childish there. The boxes were never "correctly folded" and for the slightest wrinkle I had to redo it. So after a week I was fired for not being fast enough. There was something dystopian about the lamp factory, it was a bare big grey building, and the breaks were signalled by a mechanical alarm. In addition, you always had to carry a badge to check-in, so the management, (or a computer?) would check your time. I thought things like that stopped in the 70's or 90's, but we still have these things but updated with modern technology, it was like a dystopian movie.

Unfortunately I couldn't help Eefje for an apartment, and Mona had found a garage herself. We had an agreement, Eefje went to live with Mona for a week, and then with me and my parents. Since my parents didn't want to be with Eefje all the time. So that's how it happened. The people had left the apartment and Mona brought Eefje to her, and then to me.

It was nice when she was with me, we went for a walk. She had her fake ears on and a fake ponytail. Once we were in a part of the park where no one saw us, I put on her leash. She liked that. We were happy together.

But, There was a dark spot in our relationship. Mona always came up with wild stories about Elly, but those stories always sounded so unbelievable. She told how Elly stole her rope, and in that aspect it is indeed Mona's word against Elly's word. Mona then began to talk about how Elly and her friends spread gossip about her, and drove to her house especially to have her tires punctured. Sorry, but I really don't see Elly doing that. Mona was quite a standout as she always wore her spiky collar and was trans so maybe someone from her neighbourhood had done that because they thought she was weird.

Mona also told about the Australian company and how she had a sister in Australia that she got along with well, she wanted to take Eefje and me to Australia. Like that's ever going to happen! It reminded me of manipulative behaviour, taking people to Australia so you can isolate them, so you have more control over them. That 'sister' sounded too... unbelievable, that sister always agreed with Mona and everything she said, so I don't think that sister existed at all.

Since then I almost stopped lying because with Mona I just noticed that she was lying, I can't tell how, the things she said just sounded improbable and made up, so, if you lie people will just notice.

Even though they 'play along' most people notice. So it's better not to lie, or as little as possible anyway.

She kept talking bad about Elly and her friends, and Elly was always brought up as the subject.

It seemed pathological. Sometimes I felt like saying "Would you just stop? Please?"

There was one advantage. I matched up with both Mona and Elly, and that's quite special. Both were well-known figures in the BDSM world, or at least they pretended to be. I said I didn't want to choose between them, and neither Mona nor Elly made me choose. Still, I thought Elly sounded believable since she didn't show the fact that she was being stalked, she wanted to keep it a bit hidden, while Mona did nothing but talk badly about Elly.

Meanwhile I went to the gay bar, if I wanted to have sex. There was a man there who still looked okay, around 50.

We French kissed a bit, and we went to his apartment. I quickly sent a message to my parents where I went for safety. Normally I try not to go into strangers' houses, but we both felt like it. The man had a slight limp, and his apartment was all pink and filled with statues and corny things. Then I realized, I was going to have sex with an old man! He was probably past 60 or 70! Oh well, why not.

We had sex, the man couldn't get an erection, but the sex was exciting and fun.

35./42 a new year into disease

This text discusses mental health problems, suicide, sex and BDSM

Mona had had a mental breakdown, and had herself committed to an institution for a while. She wanted to hang herself in her room, but decided not to do it. She only told me and Eefje. She told the rest of her friends that she was going on a trip.

After a while she went back home, but she refused to sleep in her room for a while as she wanted to attempt suicide there.

It was New Year 202X and we went to celebrate at Mona's house. At the time, the virus was something that, according to the media, only occurred in China. I felt comfortable going because Mona still lives with her parents, so her parents would be there as well.

WRONG! As soon as we arrived, her parents went elsewhere to celebrate New Year's Eve. At her house, the shutters were down, creating a dark atmosphere. No wonder Eefje was depressed, she sat in the dark all day and often didn't go outside.

Mona's mother had adopted several dogs, so there was dust everywhere.

The dogs regularly pooped or peed, and then Mona had to clean this up. It wasn't that cosy. Mona always put on movies or silly comedy series. This made me distracted with my ADD and Eefje didn't like that. We played video games on Mona's PS4 and it was fun. Mona started telling stories about Elly again, about how Elly had called the police to Mona to say Mona was a paedophile, and the police stood at Mona's door. It was all so bizarre and unbelievable.

Then we went to her attic. Eefje mixed music, that was simply her talent. Mona had a large projection screen. She then put on VTM, a stupid television channel, but okay. It was New Year's Eve, Mona asked why Eefje and I weren't dancing. We're two introverts, so we didn't have any reason to dance, and I certainly didn't feel like taking Mona's orders.

I went to sleep, I was allowed to sleep in Mona's room. It was a bed, but it was not made at all. There was no cover on the mattress, no cover on the pillow and no cover on the blanket. Plus the fact that she wanted to commit suicide there, gave the room an unpleasant atmosphere. Normally Eefje would soon come and sleep with me. I fell asleep, wondering when Eefje would lie down next to me. I woke up, Eefje was not there. I went down. Mona and Eefje were lying together. Mona was in bed topless, and I didn't want to see that at all. Mona, wasn't my type. Eefje was lying next to her. They had fallen asleep.

They had a platonic BDSM relationship, and Eefje and I had an open relationship, so I had nothing against it. I thought it was a bit of a shame, but I didn't want to turn it into a drama, I find monogamy quite limiting, and jealousy a bad emotion that I don't want to focus on. Mona made me leave the dogs in the garden for a while so they could relieve themselves. The first thing Mona did in the morning was eat a bag of chips while watching a movie.

We stopped by a friend of Mona's. She was Mona's mistress. Mona told her everything, even what she ate and how much she weighed. This brought stability to Mona's life, according to Mona herself, and it motivated Mona to lose weight. She was regularly whipped by this woman. We got there. It was an older woman in her 50s, playing facebook games on her computer. Her daughter, around 20, was in her pyjamas watching a show. She seemed like a normal woman until she started talking about her BDSM sessions with men. She was a BDSM mistress, and was paid for it. She whipped men. She always had to tie up one of her clients, with permission, because he always tried to hide during the BDSM session. She also told what kind of material she used. She had one little white dog that barked at me, but I gently stroked him, and he stopped barking. We went back to Mona's house.

I wanted to leave on time to catch a train, but Mona said I wanted to leave way too early, so we waited a bit, by the time we got there we were... too late. I took the next train back home.

I had a theory about Mona, why she turned her against Elly so harshly. First and foremost, Mona had mentioned that she has autism. Unfortunately I don't know how far to believe that. She also told her mother had borderline, which could cause friction between Mona and her mother. I think Mona also had borderline. What I've read about borderline it often happens that people with BPD quickly turn on others, as if they have two sides. They see everything in black and white, either they approve of you or you are bad in their eyes. In addition, there were Facebook photos of her and Kate on Facebook. As if they were very close at some point. However, Kate is a promiscuous person and is just honest about it. I suspect that Mona and Kate have had sex, several times, or were just very close emotionally, but that Mona then felt cheated as Kate has a lot of sex with other people. This sense of deceit and heartbreak made Mona angry. She turned her anger to Kate and Elly. Since Kate and Elly organized the bondage workshops together. But it's just a theory.

The most important thing was that Eefje was happy. I loved her, she was my cute puppy girl. She was very calm and introverted, but could also be a rebel at times. We went shopping, they happened to sell kitchen timers there, shaped like eggs. Eefje set all the kitchen timers to one minute so that they all went off. I saw this and put the alarm clocks back, causing the alarm clocks to make a bit of noise. The store employees looked a little angry at me.

Eventually Eefje got an apartment from the state. I was happy for her. The first thing Mona did was to move in with Eefje, yikes. I regularly visited Eefje, we played games together. We cuddled a lot and I masturbated. It was a bit irritating sometimes because she was living with Mona. Mona once opened the door without knocking with the excuse 'that the house had to be ventilated'.

She also watched a police show where we heard sirens every ten seconds, quite annoying.

I also worked for a few months in a supermarket, in my neighbourhood, but there too I was fired for 'not being fast enough'. In the meantime I often practised with the car, to get my driver's license. It was March 2020 and corona was in Belgium. I went to my physiotherapist because I sometimes suffer from a painful stiff back. So, I asked him if it was a good idea to stop coming for a while. He said, 'Are you old or do you have an immune problem?' I said 'no'. 'Then you can keep coming.' He said. The idea back then was that corona was just like the flu. It was deadly for old people, sure, but we shouldn't have to lose any sleep over it. Not much later, the doctors and nurses started ringing the alarm bells, so to speak. The hospitals began to fill up with patients who had contracted the virus.

Friday March XXth was Eefje's birthday, and I hadn't seen her for a while. Mum asked if it was a good idea to take the train past Antwerp, with the illness circulating. I went on the train with a mouth mask and plastic gloves. I was one of the first to wear a mouth mask. I also saw one man with a mouth mask, but everyone else was 'normal'. That day, the politicians had decided to introduce a lockdown.

Mona, Eefje and I ate birthdaycake together and played video games. I had bought a present for Eefje, she wanted a collar, like a dog, since she was into puppy play. I had bought a tagged collar with her name on it. She was quite sad when she got this. Both Mona and I thought it was because of her depression and the fact that she was not used to it to get love. But later it will become apparent that something else was wrong. I also received phone calls from my driving instructor and my physiotherapist. 'Yes, I think it's better if you did not come for a while because of the virus.' Mona said she was going to stop working because her back was bothering her. "I'm retiring." she said. Pension? She was 37 then! Most people have to work until they're 65, and by the time my generation retires, we'll probably have to work until we're 70!

I sometimes had a bit of trouble with Mona's and Eefje's relationship. Mona regularly 'punished' Eefje with whipping. In addition, Eefje regularly had to hand over her mobile phone to Mona. I had mixed feelings about this, does Mona read everything I send to Eefje?

The narrative about Covid "that it was just the flu." had changed to "It's a disease that kills old people, and by coming outside without a mask you are spreading the disease and killing grandmas and grandpas!"

I decided to stay at home for a month, with the disease going around. It seemed the most responsible thing to do.

Despite this, I did go to the park every day, keeping my distance from people and wearing a mask. People started hoarding. What was actually funny, because I already had a food supply since 201X, when there were attacks in Brussels AND when a weird American president was coming to power, making it seem like World War III was about to break out. I had even bought masks against dust, you never know. They had told us that Belgium would only be locked for one or three months! What a joke! It was going to last until April/May 2022.

A month passed, and Belgium was still closed. I thought 'whatever' and I went back to the store, practised with the car and went to visit Eefje. I hugged Eefje, but she was quite sad. I asked what was wrong and she said she wanted to break up. I took it as it was. I couldn't force her. She wanted a relationship with me, and she was the one who broke up with me. Even Mona had no idea Eefje wanted to break up. Eefje had actually wanted to break up with her for a few months, but didn't dare say so. This explains a few things. Sometimes there was a long period when she didn't send anything, I thought it was her depression. This was the last time I saw Eefje.

In the meantime I also stopped looking for work, even my mother said it was not a good idea. The virus went around and it was not wise to constantly move from new environment to new environment, always with different people. I didn't have any money problems luckily, so I didn't have to work.

36./42 Kurt: A Dog's Life

This text discusses sexuality, paedophilia and urination.

Not long after Eefje broke up, I met a man through facebook. His name was Kurt. Eefje and him knew each other. He also lived near Antwerp. The gay bar was closed because of the virus, and it was more difficult to meet up with other people, also because of that virus. The man wanted to meet with me and I thought why not? And I made an appointment with him, outside in Antwerp. He was 46, but looked 36. He was small, and friendly. We cuddled in the park. He was also into puppy play, that's why he knew Eefje. He had Portuguese roots so he looked tanned. I've wondered what it was like to have a golden shower for a long time, and Kurt was into golden showers, so that was nice!

I told him honestly that I didn't want a relationship unless it was an open one, and he accepted this.

He told about his ex: He had been in a relationship with Jamie for a while. I don't know if the relationship was open, but Jamie had met a lot of people he had sex with as well. With a concerned face, Jamie said to Kurt, "I'm going to hurt a lot of people."

That's how Jamie and Kurt broke up. Jamie had a mental disability, and Kurt was very concerned about him.

He said he had a boyfriend now, a man in his 40s, but he was fat and bald, and looked 50, or even 60. But the man had money and took Jamie on all kinds of exotic trips. Kurt didn't want to know about it "That man is a paedophile, he dates young men with a mental disability. I mean they have a diaper fetish over there for God's sake! He walks around in diapers all day and he takes drugs! The guy offers him on drugs and says "sniff this" and he just does that!"

After the successful date, I regularly visited his apartment. I know it was a little early but Eefje knew him and I always let my parents know where I was going, address and all. He had a small but cosy apartment. We had sex together and even a golden shower, for the first time in my life I finally a golden shower! It's nice and warm, but the smell is intense, and I didn't dare drink it. Kurt also liked being peed on and drank my pee too.

It was clear, we could experiment a lot together!

Sometimes I would go to him, and we would go shopping or visit a park. Sometimes he would visit me, and then we would visit nature reserves. We often went to Mechelen, and Mechelen is actually a beautiful city.

You can take a nice walk along the water there.

Kurt continued to talk about his past. As a child, his parents wanted him to become a baker, but he didn't want to.

He was not motivated at all, so he even ended up in Buso (An easy version of BSO where students learn manual labour, but they cannot fail classes, but they won't get a degree either).

While Kurt is not stupid at all. He drives a car, reads, writes, can do math and doesn't seem stupid at all. He was allowed to work there unpaid and did not even get a diploma, but alright. He had had many adventures in the Buso. The boys were at a boarding school and did nothing but have sex there. That school was like a fictional erotic world, a fanfiction!

When they had swimming lessons, they went underwater to suck each other off. He also had to clean up a cellar with a classmate, they finished quickly and then had sex. The teacher came over and said, 'You cleaned that up nicely! Well done!' Kurt and his friend laughed hard at that.

He also once had sex with a boy in the bushes, but those bushes were close to a rectory. One of the pastors saw this and came to them and said: 'Make sure I don't see that again, okay?!!

It's kind of weird because most guys said they weren't gay. Many are now married and living as 'straight'.

Kurt had all kinds of adventures before he met his wife, he had sex with all kinds of men. Even with old men, this gave him a huge kick.

He married a woman, but that marriage turned into a sexless marriage. Kurt, started having erotic conversations with other men online.

His wife found out about this, and she wanted a divorce. She came with the papers, but Kurt wouldn't sign them.

This started a whole lawsuit, and he had to pay everything. Like most people, he works 5 days a day, 8 hours, and does not live in poverty.

He has to give part of his wages to his wife. His wife doesn't allow him to see his son and daughter. Whenever Kurt wanted to buy a something extra, he asked permission from his lawyer. Kurt also had a difficult period, he was thrown out of the house by his wife, so he had to live for a while in some sort of institution with all kinds of other homeless people. He had a room to himself and they helped him find work.

Kurt had a briefcase with sex toys but always put his toys away. One day he had to go to the boss of the shelter. He and his colleagues told him, 'Yes Kurt, you're welcome here, but we'd like it, if you would put your toy's away.' Kurt was confused for a moment, then figured it out. "Oh, sorry," he said, "I forgot to put it away."

After that, Kurt was in a relationship with a person with autism. They loved each other, but that boy's autism was worse than mine. He always walked around nervously, asking a lot of the same questions, and so on. In addition, he was bored quickly and he almost didn't want to go anywhere. Eventually Kurt couldn't take it anymore and ended the relationship. That boy's sister also said, 'Wow, you put up with him for so long, I don't understand.'

After that, he was in a relationship with Jamie. He and Jamie got on well and had golden showers and even scat (poop sex).

They were looking for kicks. If there was a fire somewhere, they would drive there to see what was going on.

Once there had been a car accident and Jamie was so curious that he lifted the curtain. He saw a bloody scene and was so taken aback that he hadn't eaten properly for a week. Personally, I find this gross and dangerous.

If there is a fire it is best to leave it and let the fire brigade do their job, also watching a car accident is very rude towards the victims.

Kurt wanted a relationship with me, but we hadn't known each other that long, so I wanted to wait. Around August 1, I thought we knew each other well enough, and we had been together for a while, so I accepted it, we were in an open relationship now.

Kurt never had cash with him, which I don't find very handy, in some places you can only pay with cash.

In addition, he posted every place he went on facebook which is actually not wise for privacy, both people and algorithms can then see what you are doing, but oh well.

Me and Kurt got on well. Once we had sex in a wheat field, we were sure no one was around. I heard the sound of a helicopter and then decided to go home. Even if that helicopter was far away, I didn't want to risk being spotted.

Sometimes Kurt put on his dog mask, and sometimes I wore women's clothes. We could be ourselves with each other.

I did think Kurt seemed a little obsessed with Jamie. He always checked his cell phone to see where Jamie was. On those apps, you can see how many miles someone is away from you, which is fairly convenient to meet, but also a bit scary. Kurt knew how far Jamie's house was, so whenever Jamie left, and his mile number changed, Kurt said:

"Ah, he's away from home again!" I thought this was a bit, too much.

Kurt and I both knew Eefje and Mona, and Kurt realized that Mona was always lying and that she had no girlfriend at all in Australia.

Sometimes we chatted a bit too much about Mona, and I would say myself that we should chat about something else, complaining about someone all the time isn't good either.

In the meantime I practised a lot with my car, but there is a waiting time before you can take your practical exam, which was quite demotivating in the beginning, I thought. So I looked to get my driver's license for my vespa, my scooter.

We got practical lessons and were allowed to practice, the following week we had our practical exam for the scooter, but I was so clumsy and nervous that I was the only one who did not pass the exam. But yes, those teachers were also a bunch of know-it-alls, you weren't even allowed to put your foot on the ground, while you often have to do that when you drive a scooter and stop, otherwise you fall down on your sides.

Anyway, I it was good I took these lessons, I practised and learned to drive slower by both driving forwards and braking.

After a lot of practice with the car, I took my driving test and passed it for the first time!

Because there was not much to do because of the virus, I practised lifting weights, and I also found a doomsday cult online, in discord, in which people thought the world was going to end on September 5, 2021. It was hilarious!

Unfortunately, there was one other server, with the same belief, who tried to convince people (teenagers) to drink gasoline. On those servers, all kinds of different people came up with all kinds of conspiracy theories. It was very interesting, and I used these ideas as the plot to write one of my thriller stories.

37./42 Kurt Part 2: The Trash That Puts Itself Out.

This text contains references to sex and BDSM

Kurt and I had an open relationship. There was one thing I had never tried, in my sex life: going to a sex worker, a prostitute. You may think 'Hey, Sarah, that's not ethical, isn't it'. But those women earn more in one hour than my psychologist. A psychologist costs 50, maybe 75 euros, but for a sex worker you pay 130, 150 euros for one hour! So yes, I looked up redlights and made an appointment a month later at 'Maison Des Fleurs'. I went there with my mother's car, my parents were travelling at the time, so I could use the car. I was quite early so I waited. I sent messages, but got no response. Then I called, but her cell phone was off, or it was set to do not disturb. I went in, there was a bench there. I waited... I thought maybe she's busy with a client up there? Half an hour passed and so I looked up the number for Maison Des Fleurs and called them. A man answered and I explained. So, guess what happened? That woman didn't work for that place at all, she worked solo. In addition, Maison Des Fleurs was a love hotel, not a brothel. It was a misunderstanding, she had taken that place because we had privacy there. It was a bit sad she didn't let me now, she would not come. Then I made an appointment with another sex worker. I went to her street, where she worked, but she also didn't answer not called. Really bizarre. It's their choice of course, but I don't really understand how and why. They could earn about 150 euros for one hour, but whatever. I also had to laugh at the thought, how bad must I be at dating if I'm being ghosted by sex workers? I was honest with Kurt about this, and he accepted this from me.

Kurt also mentioned that he knew Puppa, (see Chapter 33. Eefje Part 1). He'd been through something with her before I even knew Kurt. Puppa was homeless for a while and was looking for a place to stay. Kurt suggested that Puppa stayed with him, it was good for his loneliness, even if it was platonic. Puppa lived with Kurt for a while. He sometimes talked about his life and his past and Puppa passed this on to Mona and her friends, Kurt didn't like that. Then suddenly Kurt got a phone call. He answered, it was the father of Puppa. He was furious! He told a whole story about how Kurt just couldn't let Puppa into his house. He said she ran away and he was going to call the police and charge Kurt with kidnapping. I don't really get the point of that father, Puppa is a grown woman of 33 years old and even has a desk job. She's staying with Kurt with full permission, so I don't understand how a father could sue Kurt. But for Kurt this was too much, he explained it to the father and brought Puppa back to her house, fearing the police.

At home I was also looking for a sex worker. I asked a friend, who I knew had been to sex workers, where I could go. He said there was an escort agency in Roeselare. I went there, the woman I wanted didn't happen to be there, but there were others I could choose from. They introduced themselves and I chose one. She was a little chubby, in a good way. We had sex, I penetrated her and then I smelled her butt-hole while I jerked off. Then, I came, and then we cuddled a little more. She turned out to be quite intelligent.

So the stereotype that 'prostitutes aren't smart is wrong. It costs some money, yes, but I was happy for the experience, especially after failing the previous two times.

Things were going well between Kurt and I, but suddenly, in September, Kurt stopped texting. Well, a day or two is normal. I asked if there was anything wrong, but got no answer. Suddenly I saw that he had deleted our relationship on facebook. So, I spoke to him about it, but there was silence on the other side. I thought I'd drop by his apartment, but his apartment is quite far. My mother also said it was a bad idea and that I would only be wasting my time. So I let it go.

I wasn't sad, I had already been through something with Myrtille and the dating apps, which had made me more emotionally stable. Still, I was very, very disappointed. I don't easily block someone, especially not on facebook, but I saw Kurt posting messages on his facebook wall about how sad he was etc....

And I got tired of it so I blocked him. He knows that he can come to me if there is anything, and he could tell me anything. Even if he wanted to break up, he could just say so. But NOTHING? No, that's just childish. All sorts of theories popped up in my head. He had said that he was going to meet Jamie and that he was afraid of falling in love with him again.... I said I didn't think this was wise, but I couldn't stop him, it was his life, and as a lover I can't stop him. Maybe it was that? Well, yeah, it was like looking for a piece of paper in a garbage dump, so I shouldn't focus too much on him? I wish Kurt the best, he has a right to be happy like everyone else, yet he's a big @\$\$HOLE. It is the trash that has put itself outside. Plus he shouldn't come back to me either, what if he does this to me again?

38./42 No More Relationships! But for How Long?

This text contains references to sex and BDSM.

I'd had it, I didn't want any more relationships. Instead, I could always go to a sex worker. It is expensive, but I thought to go every 3 months, then it is not that bad. I never go to a restaurant or travel anyway, so I can use my money for that. In addition, a sex worker is cheaper than a relation. In a relation you have to invest a lot of time, in addition you have to pay transport costs if you want to go to your girlfriend/boyfriend, plus your girlfriend/boyfriend wants presents, go on a trip and eat out, so you lose a lot of money and time. Then I'd rather go to a sex worker every 3 months.

Meanwhile, I researched the world of ERP, Erotic Role Playing. They were just servers on discord where people messaged each other. Using text they were a person or pretended to be a creature and by sending messages to each other they had 'sex'. They were 'scenes'. The advantage was that you didn't have to go anywhere, you could experience all kinds of fictional things with others just by text. There was no drama, and no chance of STDs. There were also many people, so you shouldn't be afraid of being ghosted either. Because there was always someone who was interested.

Meanwhile, Mum said it might be time to get back to work, and so I did. It was about November 202X.

In the meantime I worked with a bureau of the VDAB, but nothing came of it, even though they searched for me. I found work in a tree nursery myself. I already had some experience with manual labour, and had to prune trees around the age of 18 and 19. Then I worked as a handyman at a playground. I worked there for a month, in the tree nursery, but it wasn't fast enough for the employer. He was a friendly employer, but he still said some weird things. Normally I had to work with a man, but that man wasn't there because he sprained his foot. So he expected me to work twice as fast.

The boss would explain the work to me and I did as he asked, but every time he would come and say 'You misunderstood me, I said so and so, not this and that.' So he sent me to the field C to pull out the sticks from the cherry trees. I saw small trees there with red branches, I thought 'Field C, small and red, clearly cherry trees'.

Then the boss would come and do that lame routine that parents and teachers always do to rub it in your face how stupid you are. He said, "Show me the cherry trees." I pointed to field C. The man said, "No, I clearly said NEXT to field C, you pulled the sticks from the apricot trees!" So then I had to work overtime to rectify that mistake.

If the second workman had been there, I would not have made that mistake. After that I had to prune trees, I had a little bit experience pruning trees. It was hard to squeeze with the scissors. It was too slow according to the man and he said "You've never pruned trees, you lied to me." It was so bizarre, he said it without any emotion, as if he were saying, "The weather is bad today." I then wonder, what have I been doing all day when I was a handyman when I was 18 and 19? Anyway, I bought some of those hand squeezers to train my hands, but it was too late. The man fired me, I was AGAIN not quick enough. In the meantime I have trained my muscles and hands. I can now lift 27kg (60 pounds) and can squeeze a clamp with a force of 60kg (132 pounds).

Furthermore, I had some erotic adventures online. For example, I once masturbated in front of the webcam, I wore a mouth mask and was unrecognizable this way. It was fun, through ERP you could be whoever or whatever you wanted. There were no limits, just fantasy and text was the limit, but I was starting to get a little tired of the world of ERP. There were always a lot of people who wanted to do ERP with me. So it always took some time and work. In addition, masturbating and typing at the same time was quite difficult. Eventually I had had enough and stopped. It was a different experience, but I was done with it.

I regularly sent messages to Eefje. It wasn't because our connection was over, that I acted childish and didn't want to hear anything more from her. I asked if she knew anything about Kurt, but she said Kurt completely ignored her too.

Later when I sent something, Eefje didn't answer, but Mona. This was.... very bizarre. I knew that Eefje sometimes had to hand over her mobile phone to Mona, because Eefje received all kinds of messages from her friends about their problems and Eefje always replied to this, but still. It seemed a bit controlling of Mona, I thought. Mona began to brag that she had cleaned Eefje's apartment and was going to do her best to lose weight. I was surprised with this bizarre situation, but I said she was doing a good job.

What should I say?

I met a girl from South Korea through discord. She was 18, I was 26 then. We sent lots of loving messages and even had cam sex. But our connection was then diluted.

Meanwhile I thought of buying a sex doll. My parents struggled with that, but it was my life, my room and my money. It was 700 euros, it was expensive, but if you compare it with a girlfriend/boyfriend or sex worker, it's still cheap.

Plus you can choose which clothes, eye-colour and hair-colour she has! My sex doll, Natalie is her name, arrived in a box.

Her body and head were packed separately, I had to screw her head on her body. It was an interesting experience.

I asked Eefje how she was doing. She said she had a fight with Mona. I asked what was wrong and she said:

"You know her too, don't you." Was Mona stalking Eefje now? Was Elly right about Mona's behaviour? Was Eefje right?

Was she right with Elly and me? Eventually Eefje got to know someone new, with whom she has a good relationship. I'm happy for her.

In the meantime, I occasionally went to see a sex worker. I asked if they wanted to have pee sex, but they never had to pee. Until I went to an escort agency in my town, instead of REDACTED TOWN, this saved train costs. There was a sex worker there who peed on me and I could drink from it. I find it so exciting to drink a woman's piss, but I never get past one sip. The taste is to bitter. Still I like it.

It had also been a long time since I had tried a dating app. It was 202X and the last time was in 201X. So I thought, why not? I used Okcupid, Grindr and Tinder. That's how I met different people online. Like a vegan girl in a wheelchair, she wanted me to go vegan too, and I thought 'I could try it'. But eventually didn't click between us. She couldn't stand my dark humour, or the fact that I sometimes chatted about cults.

Then I had a date with a Chinese guy. We had sex once, but that was it. I was a little too weird for him with my sex doll and the fact that I occasionally went to see a sex worker. He had met someone new.

I also tried Grindr, but that was a very different experience. The men couldn't exactly speak Dutch or English, because it all had to go so fast. Were they stoned? I don't know.

Meanwhile it was 202X. I was feeling good, but didn't feel like celebrating New Years, I just crawled into bed early, while my parents celebrated New Years with their friends.

I was on Grindr and people there, they immediately asked for my address, as if I would just let strangers into my house, or go to a stranger's house. So I lied I was with a friend. I happened to go on Grindr, and not long after, the news came that a gay man wanted to meet someone in the park through Grindr, only to get beat up by a group of youngsters.... I also chatted with a man, we had agreed on a date, but that day itself he did not send, until suddenly late in the evening. We went to see each other. I told my parents where I was going, and left. I rode my scooter through the cold wind, rain and snow, it was the winter of early 202X.

I had arrived on his street but did not know his house number. With my cold fingers, I typed on my cell phone and asked where he was, I even sent a photo as proof. And what did that bastard say? "Oh wait I have a date with a shemale now." I said that I had ridden through the snow and was cold, and that he had no manners and patience. "Sure I do," he replied. "Obviously not." I said and I blocked him.

Despite the virus still circulating, my mother wanted me to work. She suggested volunteering for "The Holy Spirit". It's a place where my niece also works. It's an institution that helps children, disabled people and elderly. They do a lot of different stuff. I believe it is a catholic institution, I'm not a believer, but I can help people there. They have a retirement home, a daycare and even have a cleaning service. My niece works behind the desk and arranges the people who work in the cleaning service there. I went there for an interview, they needed people in two different places: in the elderly home and the centre for people with a non-natal brain injury. The latter seemed interesting to me. As a person with autism, I have learned to focus not on people's appearance and the way they speak, but on what they say. This is important for people with a NNBI because they have trouble speaking. Some even talk using a computer. That's how my volunteer work there started. I had to figure out a bit where I could help. I helped pour coffee, feed people, and play board games. But with the latter I never felt useful. I would then paint with a woman and philosophize with a priest who also happened to be a patient.

39./42 Its Okay with Kay

This text contains references to sex.

I suspected that I was a woman. I had already told this to my brother, parents and friends. This made dating difficult for me. Because I would then tell people that I sometimes felt like a woman, and then straight women or gay men would lose out on that.

Online it said that I am gender-fluent, and there were already pictures of me dressed as a woman.

Someone started messaging me through facebook. His name was Kay. We sent often, but sometimes there was a day or two in between that he didn't send, so I assumed the connection was over, and then I got a text from him.

I had once seen him together with Jolonde in a cafe for people with ADD (yes, that exists). He was then a DJ in his spare time. He then told about the different styles of music he played for the people. Suddenly he said through messenger that he was in love with me. It came a bit out of nowhere, but men say that quickly. Some people have been friends for five years, have sex, but don't call it a relationship. While others say after a few messages 'I love you.' Well, the virus was doing the rounds, so meeting people was hard.

Unless I was stupid enough to let Grindr strangers into my house. So I explained that I wasn't made for a relationship, but we would see. I also told him clearly that I was gender-fluent: that sometimes I felt like a man and sometimes a woman. Kay said he found it attractive that I was crossdressing, he found shemales very attractive.

I met a trans woman through OKCupid. The conversations started well, but soon I had the feeling that I had to walk on eggshells. I once said 'Yeah, man! just as a statement and answer. I sometimes say 'Jesus! say while I am not Christian at all. But she was offended by that saying she was a woman. She said she was going on vacation. I asked where, but she meant she was going to be offline for a while, until Monday. I wished her luck, and left her.

Monday, I politely asked how she was doing. Tuesday I got a very long message where she did a whole explanation that she asked "not to message and I did this anyway" and that I didn't give her space, etc, etc, etc. I'd never seen her before, and she's already giving me so much drama. If she wanted to be left alone, why didn't she set her cell phone to 'do not disturb'? She could just ignore me for a few days. I honestly told her that we obviously didn't have a click and I just blocked her. A mean voice said in my head 'She asked for more space, well you've given her space now.' She happened to mention that she snorted coke sometimes, so maybe this had something to do with it? I don't know.

I was going to meet Kay, I guess it was April 202X. We saw each other in Roeselare. We went for a walk in the park. I saw why Kay always typed with abbreviations; he didn't have an ordinary smartphone, but an expensive designer smartphone. It looked like a red flip phone, you could use it on whats app, but it couldn't do many things with it. And like an old mobile phone, he had to press one button several times to create one letter. Kay promised me to teach me how to play Yu-gi-oh. We walked in the park. Kay asked if we could have sex in the bushes, but it was a park with a few bushes and trees, if we did something there, everyone would see it, I really don't understand where he got that idea from. So we went to my house and made love there. Not much later there was a meeting for people with ADD, in the cafe for, well, people with ADD. Kay arrived a little later. He asked 'Have you told everyone yet?' I said 'no' because if you want to tell people that you have a connection, it is best to ask the partner first. Kay would say 'We're a couple.' I replied: 'Wow, I think it's a bit early to call us a couple.'

The days passed. Kay came by regularly. We played games, watched anime and movies. Kay was a big fan of Marvel movies, no matter how milked that series was We also had a lot of sex. It was fun because Kay was also into golden showers. In the shower we peed on each other, and then washed it off well, of course. Sometimes we went for a walk, but he didn't like it very much. So sometimes I would go out alone for a walk, so I could get some exercise and get some fresh air.

Kay said he was writing a book and his job was delivering packages with his bike. He told about his past, his father abused him because his father was a drunk. His father had died fairly early from cancer.

But Kay didn't want to talk much about that. Did his early death have something to do with drinking a lot and not caring about his health? Or is it just coincidence? Kay and I had known each other for a month, and Kay wanted a relationship. So I approved, we had an open relationship together.

We would fall asleep together, or at least I tried, but it was hard. He was constantly moving in his sleep and I would suddenly get his arm on me in the middle of the night which woke me up. So we slept separately. Kay in my bed and I in the guest bed. When we had sex we usually shared the sex doll.

In the meantime I had met a trans girl through OKCupid, she was sweet and also creative. She also had an open relationship with someone else. We arranged to meet at my house. I wanted to make spaghetti and coincidentally my parents had made spaghetti that day too. Still, I wanted to prove myself and bought all kinds of vegetables. She came by train.

She was very pretty. She had blond medium length hair, and was wearing gothic clothes. She was wearing a short skirt. She had a little pot-belly, but I thought that was cute. She had a lot of stuff with her, because she came out of her studentdorm. I started cutting the vegetables, but she saw that I was very nervous. So she asked, 'Why don't we eat your parents' spaghetti?' I said 'okay'. We went down, maybe she felt safer with other people around? I wouldn't do anything without permission though. I showed her my drawings, and as I talked about my drawings it dawned on me that my illustrations of aliens, nudes, and gory scenes weren't a good idea for a first date.

We drew together and it was fun. It was time for her to go back home. We went to the bus stop, and guess what?

She had forgotten her headphones.

Meanwhile, my mother had seen this and tried to return the headphones, but she couldn't find us. So she put the headphones back in place, thankfully. I then came, took the headphones, took my bike and went to her as fast as possible. I gave her the headphones. Thus the problem was solved, just in time!

I think we sent some more afterwards, but there was no second date. Was it me? Was she busy? I do not know. That's just how life is.

In the meantime, I was further exploring my gender. It was a barrier to go out with women's clothes, but I did it in the end.

People didn't look weird, I wasn't yelled at or beaten up either. So I could go out as a woman and that felt good. Yes, sometimes I get laughed at, but I don't give a sh!t.

Besides, whether I go out as a man or a woman, everyone is walking around with a frustrated look these days, so I can never know if they are frustrated with me or with life.

Joris, a patient of my volunteer work wanted to lose weight. I was lifting weights at home and got an idea. I asked if it was a good idea to bring my weights to 'The Holy Spirit' and I was given permission. It started with George and then Dereck joined in. Then Sebastian joined in too! And now, every Tuesday and Thursday I do weightlifting in the day centre of 'The Holy Spirit'.

Kay and I also went to the gay sauna together. It was cosy and dark. There was a small pool, a hot tub, and a bar where you could have a drink. There was also a cloakroom, and everyone walked around naked. On the first and higher floors there was a sauna, and a 'cinema' which was just a small room with a screen showing gay porn.

There was a kind of mirror room, with a mattress in the middle. There Kay and I had sex with two older men.

We had a foursome, an orgy!

Meanwhile, the VDAB had found me an internship. It was a desk-job, using a computer of-course, at the company 'family support'. The internship lasted a few months and was in the summer of 202X. It is a company that arranges cleaning aid and babysitters for people. My colleagues happened to be all women. This was actually pleasant, and my grandfather said jokingly

'Oh, that's a shame isn't it?' I had to transfer data from paper to computer, by typing it.

In addition, I had to put physical folders full of information in cupboards. It was information from people who needed family help, so that everyone could find who was whom and what problems they had. Most people were elderly.

In the meantime I had met a boy, from France. We agreed to have sex in Knokke, he also went to Knokke to watch a bicycle race.

We did have something in common, we both liked nerdy stuff and cartoons. I went to the beach by train, he took us by car to a mc donalds to eat. I hate mc donald's, junk made from animal cruelty, stuffed with preservatives and one of the major causes of global obesity but, hey, it was okay for once. We went to a hotel together. We had sex, I sucked him and then jerked him off, and that's how he came. I tried to cum as well but it was hard, that boy just left the TV on, that way it was hard to have sex when you hear southpark joke about covid with their squeaky voices. The boy fell asleep, and you should know, I often have trouble sleeping. Normally I masturbate and cum to fall asleep. An orgasm releases oxytocin, which is also called the love hormone, but also makes you tired. I tried to masturbate, but the boy turned in his sleep, I was afraid I was going to wake him up.

So I got out of bed. I layed on the floor, which fortunately was all carpet, and I put porn on my cell phone, on mute of course.

This way I masturbated. Partly I was afraid that the boy would wake up and find me on the floor, floundering with my legs, as if I was having an epileptic seizure under the blue light of my cell phone. I came and exhausted I crawled into bed and so I fell asleep. The next morning the boy took me to a supermarket where we bought croissants. We ate these on the beach.

With the sea breeze in our hair. I walked the beach, went to the sea, and touched this source of life with my bare hands.

I went home and he was going to watch the cycling contest.

It was around this time that something had happened.... Lilly my four-legged friend, she had died. She has had a beautiful and long life. That is the most important thing, a long and happy life. She was in my life since I was 12 and went away when I was 27. She was about 14 years old according to mum. Lilly and I had been through a lot together, and we had walked a lot. Mum and mooka often took her to the vet at the end of her life. Lilly often wagged her tail, so she was still enjoying her life.

Mum and mooka and I went to the vet together, meanwhile Lilly had developed a strange cough.

The vet saw this, and said, 'This means she has water in her lungs, this poor dog is suffering now, I think it's better if we put her to sleep now.' It was strange to live without a dog. Otherwise there is always someone at home that you love, and now that person was gone.

Yes, I say person, because a pet is surely a member of the family. I already made plans to buy a pet myself, I can be alone, but such a warm creature gives a lot of love.

Meanwhile in August I decided to go through life as a woman. I was a woman now, no more genderfluid.

I let everyone know. I had to let my grandparents know too, but according to my parents it was still too early for this. Then I wanted to say it, but my grandmother had to have surgery, so it was a bad time then.

They eventually let me go from the family support company. I wasn't fast enough. So I went back to volunteering at 'The Great Spirit'.

I also went back to visit the Hare Krishnas, the Hindu movement. At first I wanted to go alone by car, now that I finally had my driver's license, but my parents didn't trust me that far with the car. So all three of us went together.

Finally I could get a tour and see how the Hare Krishnas live! It was an interesting experience, Hare Krishna's live there and volunteer there, but most of the members lead normal lives and go to their castle once a month or every year.

40./42 Gean and Zavaniah

This text contains references to sex.

Through Facebook I met a trans woman, her name was Gean. She asked if I was sexually active, and of course I said yes. I also told this to Kay. I am ethically non-monogamous, so I have to be honest about that too. Me and Gean agreed to meet. We clicked well, and not much later Kay and I agreed to visit Gean.

She wanted to do a threesome, and we did that together. Kay and I took the train to her town, and then Gean drove us to her house.

There we had sex, she got our cocks in her face and she sucked us with great pleasure. I took Kay and meanwhile she came in my mouth, but as a reflex I spat it out. I'm not used to swallowing sperm.

It was February 202X. I drew a valentines card for Kay, but my doubts started to grow stronger. It all seemed great between Kay, Gean and I. Yet there was a shadow. Kay and I were in a relationship, but I wasn't made for a relationship. I had the feeling that Kay was too close to my skin. I felt like I couldn't really breathe. Then there were also a lot of little things, sometimes he wanted to see movies, but the movies were really bad or boring sometimes.

In addition, Kay was constantly commenting on everything I did, I told him ten thousand times that I liked doing things my way. Yet he kept repeating his comments. He was also extremely clumsy, so we went to a Table Top RPG store, and he took a box and dropped it. The shopkeeper said nothing about it, but I already felt guilty, since such miniatures can be quite fragile. Kay also always wanted to go to the centre of my town, and the shopping-mall. But they have recently put large screens there, which are very, very annoying,

I really can't stand it with my autism. Yet he always wanted to go there. He also kept talking about living alone, but I increasingly doubted whether I was going to like it, to live with him alone. With his ADHD he was quite erratic, and he always wanted to touch me when it was sometimes inconvenient.

Besides, he had lied to me.

He had mentioned that he delivered parcels by bicycle, but because of his medication he couldn't even ride the bicycle!

He said he was writing, but he struggled to read subtitles when we watched anime because he thought it was going too fast!

He had never shown any of his work and he had never taught me how to play Yu-gi-oh as promised.

I remember H. complaining to me, "There are so many little things wrong in our relation, and those things form one big thing."

(See the chapters H.19-23) Now I know what she meant.

Kay was a sweet boy, and I felt like a drama queen to break up like that. I discussed it with him, and Gean.

I also discussed it with my mother. She said I should wait a week.

A week went by, and I told Kay I was going to break up. I said love ran out, and emotions are weird, they are something you can't grasp.

He asked why my love ran out, and I said I didn't know why.

That's what emotions are: weird. You cannot always understand and predict them.

Kay had said at the beginning of our relationship that he could be alone, and he'd been in multiple relationships and survived them, so I was sure he could handle this too. It is and remains strange, it was the first time that I completely ended a relationship myself.

There was also a good chance that I would also lose Gean because of this. This happens often when people have connections with

multiple people and one of the connections no longer work.

I had met Kay in the middle of the virus era, so I was very happy to meet someone, but he was just a bit too much for me.

Kay deserved someone who could give him more love than I could.

Maybe Kay could keep seeing Gean, and I could keep seeing Gean, but each separately.

Kay kept sending "Are you sure?" and I kept saying 'yes'. I had to explain a few times why.

I had gotten quite busy with my volunteer work, writing and autism meet ups. Finally I found some time to go to Kay's town.

I planned to go to his house, where we could discuss everything at our leisure, but he was waiting for me at the station.

He wanted to discuss everything there, which was not pleasant, since we were standing all the time and everyone could just listen in.

Maybe he was afraid his mother could eavesdrop on us at his home?

He seemed happy with my explanation, and we gave each other one last hug. Kay asked 'How does that feel?' and I said 'Warm, but

that's where it ends.' I handed him my card and Kay seemed pleased with my explanation. So we went our separate ways, forever apart.

But with good memories.

I continued to see Gean. She didn't have a great relationship with Kay, so she didn't meet him. Kay asked if I was still seeing Gean, but I didn't want to make him jealous, so I lied, I didn't. It felt a bit dark, like I traded him in for Gean, but I just didn't feel right with Kay anymore.

In April 202X we got a new family member! Our little four-legged friend Bobby! Mum and mooka went to a cafe in REDACTED TOWN. It was a dog cafe that works together with a dog shelter.

People can have a drink there, and get to know the dogs. People are well screened if they want to adopt a dog. Mum and Mooka were afraid they wouldn't have a chance, because we don't have a garden. However, we often walked our dogs and live not far from a park. In the end we were approved.

Bobby now lives with us. It is a small sweet dog, with a lot of energy. It looks like a mixture of a corgi and a papillon dog with the colour of a golden retriever. According to the vet, there is some dachshund mixed in. Even his parents were a mixture, according to the vet. But this is a good thing, with mixtures the best of both breeds comes out, as pure-bred dogs are usually unnatural results of humans breeding them, people breed what they like but not what is healthy. In addition, when people breed pure-breds there is often some incest involved. Small dogs usually live longer, so Bobby is a healthy dog that will live a long time! He is neutered too. Apparently Bobby is from Portugal, because he was a street dog there.

I got a strange message from Kay. We still sent friendly messages, I don't want to be a crazy ex who just drops people. But we hadn't sent anything for a while. He asked "Are you sure?" without context. I asked what the hell he was talking about, and he meant our relationship. I honestly said our break up was a month ago, so yeah I was sure. He apologised, and I apologised, but our relationship was gone.

A little later he asked what I thought of "friend fucking". Kay always had a way of making things sound distasteful. I said I'd rather hear the term "friends with benefits." To be honest I have no problem with a warm friendship with benefits, but I had a strong suspicion that Kay just wanted to sleep with me so I said it was 'not for me'.

Gean also shared that Kay had sent her "Billy and I broke up." Gean said: 'didn't that happen a month ago and her name is Sarah, isn't it? Why did you use her old name?' Kay explained he accidentally used my old name.

Things seemed to be going well between Gean and I, and we agreed to have a date. She went to pick me up by car from my house. Because there was something wrong with the trains, I don't even remember what. I waited outside for 20 minutes but she didn't come. I went back inside. She said she was leaving. 'Finally' I thought. About half an hour, hour later I looked back at my messages and it said. 'I'm here!' and then "Hey, I've been waiting here for 10 minutes I'm going back home!" My eyes were wide open, it was like a slap in the face. One question echoed in my mind: 'Why didn't she ring the bell?' I immediately went outside, but she was nowhere to be seen. I waited a while, but then I went back inside. I apologized and told her to ring the bell next time. Nevertheless, I was a little angry with her. She didn't answer for a few days. I thought, 'Like Kurt, she got a weird twist in her brain and dropped me.' Life is short, so I looked on tinder, looking for a warm friendship. The era of the virus was finally over, so dating had become easier again.

There was a girl named Zavaniah who came to the autism meet ups. I came across her by chance on tinder. So we agreed to meet. We went to the cat cafe together. It was a nice date. She is pretty, she has short coloured hair, is chubby in a beautiful way and her body is full of beautiful tattoos.

Guess what? Gean contacted me again, and I could still meet with her! I did the opposite of what every psychologist tells you to do. Instead of discussing the incident and coming to some sort of conclusion, I just dropped the incident and stopped talking about it. Things are going well between us, and I don't want to mess it up.

(I notice as I write this, the present is in sight!)

It was May, I came out to all my grandmothers and my grandfather. I told them I was a transwoman. My gender was accepted on both my mum's side and my Mooka's side. I'm happy with this. My grandmothers and grandfathers are more progressive than some 15 year olds, because nowadays there are a lot of Nazis (the alt-right) on the internet. C'est la vie, in this age of the digital network.

I met up with Zavaniah again. She said she was gifted. She also has many physical problems, which prevent her from doing "normal work", but she does volunteer work, that's the most important thing. We hugged and kissed in bed, I jerked myself off as she lay next to me. It was a pleasant experience for both of us. Maybe one day we'll have sex, but I'm happy if I can jerk off to a woman since I have death grip.

I told both Gean and Zavaniah about each other so I could be honest with both of them.

I also went to the erotic cinema in my city. It was interesting. There was no large hall, but there was a bar where you have to pay 10 euros entrance. Beyond the bar you will find all kinds of rooms that are connected to each other in a fairly labyrinthine way. It is quite dark there, and in every room there is a screen playing porn through a DVD player. There a got a blowjob from a man, while another man touched my balls. It was fun.

41./42 In the Light of Present

This text contains references to sex.

I walked out of the darkness of erotic cinema, into the light of the present. Now I see a computer screen in front of me. White light with black letters. Finally I got there, the present. The light blinds me, so I can't see the future, but the future is the light, the good.

My writings for you here are clearly not objective, they are my memories, possibly distorted in my head, by the passing of time. Sometimes I was a little mean, I felt like I had to spit out my filth. I picked my memories that fit the best, sometimes organizing my memories in the wrong order, somewhat anachronistic, so that it would read better. Because sometimes a lot happened at once. But look, it is what it is. A fake puppet game? Or life experiences from which people can learn something? That's up to you to decide. There will most likely be many dark times, but as I have survived the dark times of the past, so will I survive the dark times of the future. Sooner or later my life will end, hopefully in a painless way after a healthy long life.

But!

One thing I can guarantee you! I will keep writing!

42./42 Epilogue: The Answer to Everything

This text contains references to sex.

Myrtille's life went on. I tried not to worry about her anymore. She's smart enough to see when someone has bad intentions, and she can stand on her own. I try to visit her FB account as little as possible, but I saw that she had found a boyfriend in Sweden, and was living with him. She had then put on her fetlife account that she was no longer active. Recently it was stated on her FB profile that she could lift 100 kg! I was positively surprised for her. I can only lift 27 kg so far. Another reason not to worry, if someone tries to hurt her, she could just beat them up with her muscle power.

H. had moved out not long after it was over with me. I don't know where, and it doesn't matter, as long as she and her family are happy. They were not happy where they first lived.

Around July 202X my dog Lilly had died. She lived with me since I was twelve. H. had always asked me to tell when Lilly had died. So I sent her my last message:

'Hey H.

I'm sorry if I surprise you with what I have to say.

You asked me to tell you when Lilly died.

She has had a beautiful and long life and was put to sleep at our vet today.

Thank you for being a part of her life.

I hope all is well with you.

Regards Sarah / Billy'

I thought she was going to block me, I've been through stuff like that a lot, and I don't expect much in return from people these days. But to my surprise, she said in a mature way. 'Thanks for letting me know.'

Later I saw that H. had a small dog. Not much later she had a boyfriend. Was it Robb? I don't know, and it doesn't matter.

I have also seen J. again. I identify as a woman, I'm a trans woman, so I went to a meeting for trans people.

That's where I happened to see J. I wasn't sure if it was him, but I recognized a key ring he had from when we were in high school.

It was him. I was a bit confused. I was afraid he was going to think I was stalking him or something.

His friend had clearly said he didn't want anything to do with me four years ago. It was a bit awkward, but I did my best to ignore him. It seemed polite to me to ignore him.

Eefje is still happy with her new love.

Kay has also found a boyfriend in the meantime. I'm happy for him.

Boris discovered that he was a woman and now goes through life as Beatrice.

I showed a part of this text, the chapter about my near-drowning, to my mother, because she asked why I was sitting at the computer so much. She had to laugh. I asked what was wrong, and she told SHE had saved me! 'You came to me then, and told about your mysterious saviour and I thought maybe I should keep the mystery.'

July 8 Update:

Zavaniah had said she might be in love with me. I went to her birthday and even bought her gifts. Then she said she was going through a difficult period and I was busy so there was no time to meet. Today she said she met someone she might have a monogamous relationship with. I think it's a bit sad, but the most important thing is that she's happy.

I had the same facebook account for ten years or so, and it was time for a big cleaning, I hadn't seen most of my facebook 'friends' for 5 years, the companies also knew way too much about me, through my account.

So I created a new facebook. So only the friends I still knew added me. Could algorithms link me to my previous profile? Perhaps. Could people link me to my old profile? Maybe. But it was urgently time for a new beginning.

That way I no longer have a chance to get in touch with the weirdos and normals I loved.